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MARTA

(MARTHA)

BY

FLOTOW

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FLOTOW'S

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MARTA

(MARTHA)

CONTAINING THE

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN
ENGLISH TRANSLATION

AND

THE MUSIC OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LADY HARRIET, Maid of Honor to Queen Anne . .	Soprano
LORD TRISTAN DE MIKLEFORD, Her Cousin . .	Bass
PLUNKETT, a Young Farmer	Bass
LIONEL, His Foster-Brother, afterwards Earl of Derby .	Tenor
NANCY, Waiting-Maid to Lady Harriet	Contralto
SHERIFF	Bass

Courtiers, Pages, Ladies, Hunters and Huntresses, Farmers, Servants, Etc.

THE STORY OF "MARTHA"

LADY HARRIET, a lady of rank at the court of Queen Anne of England, tired of the amusements which court life affords her, forms the plan to visit the Servants' Fair at Richmond in the disguise of a servant girl in search of employment. She is accompanied by Nancy, her maid, and Sir Tristan, a cousin and admirer of hers, rather advanced in years, both appropriately attired for the occasion.

Hither also repair two young farmers, Lionel and Plunkett. Lionel is the adopted child of Plunkett's parents, now both deceased. His parentage is unknown. His father was found, one evening, at the door of the farmhouse, where he had sunk down from exhaustion. Lionel, then a small boy, was with him. Both were taken in and provided for, but the father died soon, leaving his son to the charity of Plunkett's parents. He left to his son nothing but a ring, with the injunction to present it to the Queen if ever he should be in distress. The two foster-brothers come to the Fair with the purpose of engaging help for their farm, which has been left to their management by their mother, just deceased. Here they are struck with the personal appearance of Lady Harriet and her maid, and offer to engage them. The Lady and Nancy, who relish this joke exceedingly, accept the offer and take the earnest-money, unaware that thereby they are bound in law to serve them for the space of one year. When they want to leave the Fair, the farmers detain them. Tristan's interference is useless, and as Lady Harriet does not wish to reveal her name and character, lest her reputation should suffer by it, she is obliged to mount with Nancy the farmer's wagon and drive off with them.

Arrived at the farm, the foster-brothers soon find out that their new servants know absolutely nothing of their duties. But as Lionel is quite smitten with the Lady, and Plunkett pleased with the maid, their domestic incapacity is excused. Nancy teases Plunkett, who in his turn gets angry. The maid, frightened, runs away to hide in the kitchen, pursued by Plunkett. Lionel, left alone with his new servant (who has adopted the name of Martha), makes advances. Lady Harriet answers evasively. Asked to sing, the Lady treats him to the old Irish ballad, *The Last Rose of Summer*. Lionel, who now is completely enamored, asks her to become his wife. Lady Harriet laughs at him. They are interrupted by Plunkett and Nancy, the latter just caught after a hard chase. The clock strikes midnight, and masters and servants part to go to rest. Then Tristan, who has followed the track of the prisoners, enters through a window and assists in the escape of the ladies. Plunkett, who in his apartment has heard loud talking in the hall, comes in again, meaning to send the servants to bed, whom he thinks up yet and chattering. Seeing the window open, and hearing the noise of carriage wheels dying away in the distance, he becomes alarmed, thinks they have been robbed, and calls in Lionel. They become aware of the flight of their servants; Plunkett rings the large bell out in the farmyard; the whole neighborhood assembles; they hear what has transpired, and all start in pursuit

of the fugitives, who, however, make good their escape.

A little while after this occurrence, the Queen, with the ladies of her court — among whom are Lady Harriet and her maid — hunt in a forest adjoining the village of which Plunkett's farm forms a part. Accidentally, Plunkett and Lionel fall in with a party of huntresses, headed by Lady Harriet. They recognize their former servants, but the ladies deny all knowledge of them. Their cortège comes to their assistance, and the two farmers are about to be arrested when Lady Harriet, who is at last touched by Lionel's wild grief, causes them to go off unharmed, stigmatizing them as madmen, unworthy of serious notice. Lionel, driven almost frantic by the cruel calmness with which Martha pretends not to know him, bethinks himself that he has the ring left him by his father. He entrusts it to Plunkett, and as the Queen is passing by, Plunkett immediately delivers it to her. By means of this ring it is found out that Lionel is the only son of the late Earl of Derby, who ended his days in disgrace, into which he unjustly had fallen. Queen Anne causes the title and all the possessions of the late Earl to be restored to the son by an Act of Parliament.

Lady Harriet has, after the unfortunate meeting in the forest, become aware that she is deeply in love with Lionel, and now, anxious to reestablish herself in the favor of the new-created count, contrives to be the first one to communicate to him the news of his parentage. But Lionel receives her coldly, and when the lady, who is a prey to the most violent feelings of affection towards Lionel, and of remorse for having repulsed him so harshly, offers her hand to him, and, kneeling, prays him to accept her, he even then cannot overcome the bitter feeling in his heart towards the false and cruel lady. But the indefatigable Lady Harriet, with the assistance of Plunkett, who in his alarm for the health, and even life of his foster-brother, was easily persuaded to take part in the scheme, contrived still another plan to bring about a reconciliation. A part of the lady's park is artfully transformed into a facsimile of the market-place at Richmond. Farmers and servants appear, a counterfeit sheriff presents himself, and the lady in her peasant's dress mingles with the throng. Hither Lionel is conducted. At the sight of Lady Harriet in the costume of a servant all his former love for her comes back, and the two lovers are at last united. So are Plunkett and Nancy; and the curtain descends on two happy couples.

MARTA.

(MARTHA.)

ATTO I.

SCENA I.—*Salotto di Lady Enrichetta, con serene.*

LADY ENRICHETTA, NANCY, *Donne.*

Coro. Tu più vaga d' una stella,
Dell' Aprile il più bel fior,
Tu gentil, leggiadra e bella,
Il desio di tutti i cor,
Perchè mai solinga e mesta
Viver vuoi, giovin beltà,
Ne t' alletta alcuna festa
All' aurora dell' età ?

Nan. [*Presentandole un mazzolino di fiori.*
Questi fior di Sir Tristano !

Enr. Non li voglio ; serba i fior.

Nan. [*Offrendole un monile di gemme.*]
Questo dono d' un sovrano ?—

Enr. Ahi ! per me non ha valor.

Nan. Ma—

Enr. Mi lascia.

Nan. Oh ! s'io—

Enr. [*Interrompendola con impazienza.*] Nè sola
M' è concesso di restar !
Ogni voce, ogni parola
Fa più crudo il mio penar.

Coro. Tu più vaga d' una stella,
Dell' Aprile il più bel fior, ec. [*Le Donne partono.*

SCENA II.—LADY ENRICHETTA e NANCY.

Nan. Mesta ognor ?—

Enr. Pianger vorrei !

Nan. Perchè mai ?

Enr. Perchè ?—Nol so.

Nan. Io svelave vel potrei,
Se il chiedessi al vostro cor.

Enr. Chiedil pure.

Nan. Amor soltanto
Di quel pianto—io credo autor.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Toilet Chamber of Lady Harriet, richly furnished.*

LADY HARRIET, NANCY, *Ladies in attendance.*

Cho. Why these gloomy clouds of sadness
Overshadowing thy brow ?
Why should laughing mirth and gladness
Vanish from our presence now ?
Round thee of thy friends' devotion
Glitt'ring presents witness bear :
Jewels, laces, silks and satins
Wait to deck a form so fair.

Nan. [*Presenting a nosegay.*]
Flow'rs are these Sir Tristan sends you.

Lady. Ah ! their odor sickens me !

Nan. [*Presenting a set of jewelry.*]
Diamonds which the richest envy.

Lady. Ah, they blind ; I cannot see.

Nan. Lady !

Lady. Leave me !

Nan. Mistress !

Lady. Leave me !
Go ye who my joys have known ;
Sorrows want not your attendance,
Sorrow bears its weight alone.

Cho. Why these gloomy clouds of sadness,
Overshadowing, &c. [*The Ladies return*

SCENE II.—LADY HARRIET *and* NANCY

Nan. Dearest mistress—

Lady. Ah, these tears ! They ease my bosom !

Nan. Tears ? And why ?

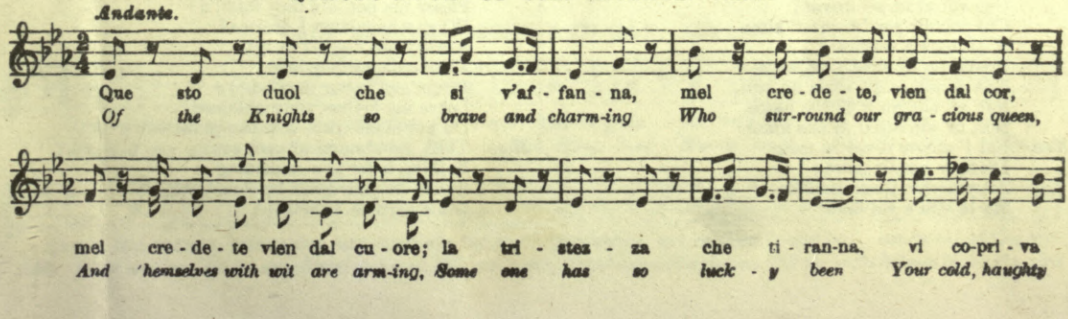
Lady. I know it not !

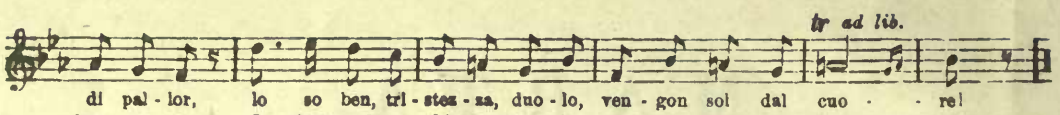
Nan. Excellent cause ! Desire for love
Is moving, hap, your virgin heart.

Lady. Love, in me ?

Nan. Yes. Cupid's arrows
Travel with the speed of lightning.

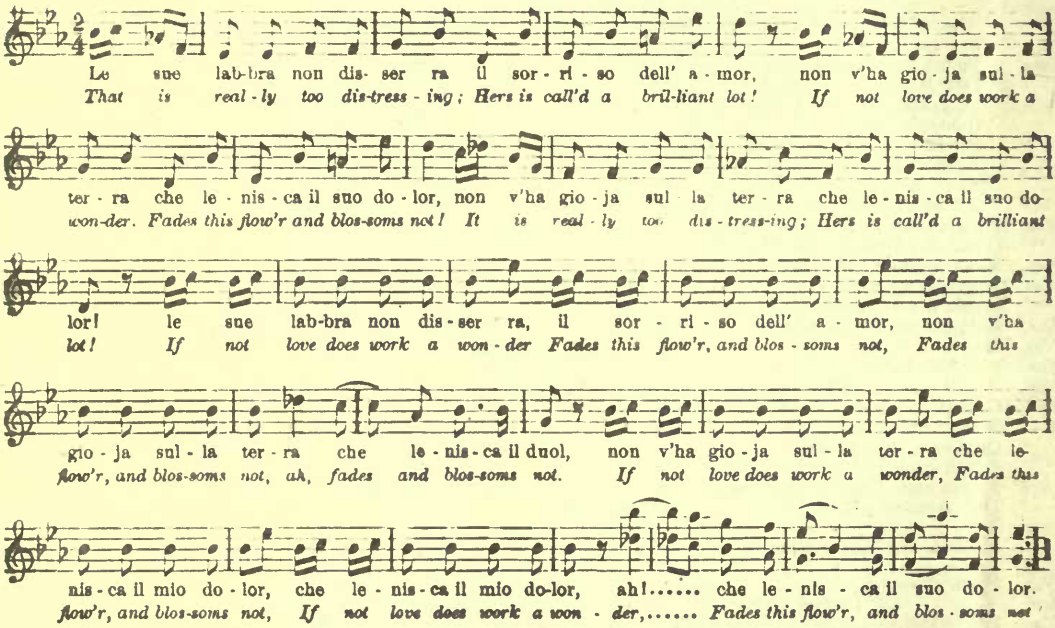
QUESTO DUOL—OF THE KNIGHTS. NANCY.


Andante.
Que sto duol che si v'af - fan - na, mel cre - de - te, vien dal cor,
Of the Knights so brave and charm-ing Who sur-round our gra - cious queen,
mel cre - de - te vien dal cu - ore; la tri - stez - za che ti - ran-na, vi co-pri - va
And themselves with wit are arm-ing, Some one has so luck - y been Your cold, haughty


tr ad lib.
di pal - lor, lo so ben, tri - stez - za, duo - lo, ven - gon sol dal cuo - - re!
heart to win! Is there aught in this a - larm - ing? Is there aught a - larm ing?

Enr. Ah! t' illudi; invano il cielo
Per amar mi dava un cor;
Come langue fior pel gelo
Io mi struggo nel dolor.
Nan. Quai fantasmi vi create!
Via scacciate—quel martìr.
Enr. Con me stesso anch' io m' adiro,
Nè più aspiro—che a morir.

Lady. Vain belief! how can rejoice me
Such insipid, idle love?
For to please and interest me
Flattery is not enough!
Nan. Riches heap on you their treasures
Honor high is offer'd you.
Lady. In the midst of gold and pleasures
Weariness alone I see.

LE SUE LABBRA—THAT IS REALLY TOO DISTRESSING NANCY

Le sue lab-bra non dis- ser ra il sor - ri - so dell' a - mor, non v'ha gio - ja sul - la
That is real - ly too dis-tress - ing; Hers is call'd a bril-liant lot! If not love does work a
ter - ra che le - nis - ca il suo do - lor, non v'ha gio - ja sul la ter - ra che le - nis - ca il suo do-
won-der. Fades this flow'r and blos-soms not! It is real - ly too dis - tress-ing; Hers is call'd a brilliant
lor! le sue lab-bra non dis - ser ra, il sor - ri - so dell' a - mor, non v'ha
lot! If not love does work a won - der Fades this flow'r, and blos - soms not, Fades this
gio - ja sul - la ter - ra che le - nis - ca il duol, non v'ha gio - ja sul - la ter - ra che le-
flow'r, and blos-soms not, ah, fades and blos-soms not. If not love does work a wonder, Fades this
nis - ca il mio do - lor, che le - nis - ca il mio do-lor, ah!..... che le - nis - ca il suo do - lor.
flow'r, and blos-soms not, If not love does work a won - der,..... Fades this flow'r, and blos - soms not

Nan. Danze, corse, giostre e feste
Voi dovreste—qui veder;
Tutto brilla a voi d'intorno
Tutto invita quì a goder;
Cada il sole, nasca il giorno
Non irradia che il piacer.
Enr. Chi può dir dov' è la calma
Che vorrei nè so trovar!
Chi può dir perchè quest' alma
E dannata a sospirar!
Preda son d' arcane ambasce,
Non so più se m' abbia un cor,
Non m' allegra il dì che nasce,
Non m' attrista il dì che muor.
Nan. Sol l' amore il vostro tedio
Dissipar bandir potrà;
Altre uccide il suo rimedio
Ma la vita a voi darà.

Nan. Balls and tournaments are giving,
And your colors win the prize,
Proudly from the banners waving,
While the victor vainly sighs
For a smile from your fair eyes,
Which his armor penetrated!
Lady All my glowing ardent wishes
Please me not, are they fulfill'd!
What a happiness I dreamed
Always has disgust instill'd.
The homages they offer,
Praise and honor they bestow
Leave me joyless, once obtained
Do not make with pride me glow.
Nan. Then, from ennui to save you,
Nothing is for you remaining
But to let your heart be conquer'd,
Not a particle retaining!

SCENA III.—Sir Tristano *annunziato da un Servo, i precedenti.*

Ser. [*Annunziando.*] Sir Tristan di Mickleford
D'Inghilterra pari e lord
Baronetto e gran scudiero!—
Enr. [*Interrompendolo.*] Basta, basta, via, ciarliere!
Tri. [*Entrando.*] Vezzosissima cugina
Cui l' eguale il ciel non fe',
[*Prostrandosi.*] Bella lady a voi s'inchina—
Enr. [*Impaziente.*] Dite subito, che c' è?—
Tri. Oso chieder—
Enr. [*Come sopra.*] Più spedito!
Tri. Se vi posso dir buon dì,
E se avete ben dormito—
Enr. [*A Nancy.*] Dillo tu.
Nan. Così, così.
Tri. Dimandar volea del pari,
Ma vorreste oggi goder
D' una corsa di somari—
Nan. Vi farete là veder?—
Tri. Ma sapete—
Enr. [*Con impazienza.*] So ogni cosa.
Tri. Che voi siete—
Enr. Il resto io so
Una spina in core ascosa
Voi serbate. E vero o no?
(Ah! che matto! che figura!
Vecchio, brutto, e chiede amor!
No, che egual caricatura,
Scimia ugual non vidi ancor!)
Tri. Voi ridete; segno è questo
Che fo breccia in bel cor
Come no, se vispo e lesto
Cuginetta, io sono ancor!
Nan. Ella ride; segno è questo
Che gradisce il vostro amor
E fa ben, chè vispo e presto,
Sir Tristano, siete ancor.
Tri. [*Ad Enrich.*] Corse al prato?—
Enr. [*A Tristano.*] Il mio ventaglio.
Tri. [*Va a prendere il ventaglio e lo dà a Lady Enrichetta.*]
In battelo?— [*Tristano va a prenderli come sopra.*]
Enr. [*A Tristano.*] I fior—No, sbaglio
[*Lascia i fiori.*]
Nan. (Gli fa fare il burattino.)
Enr. Oh! qual vento dal giardino!
Quel veron chiuder volete?
[*Tristano va a chiudere.*]
Tri. Cacce?—
Enr. Ed ora il caldo è troppo!—
Aprite! Aria!—
Tri. Aprir?
Enr. Correte. [*Tristano va a riaprire.*]
Nan. (Il galoppo—vi conviene
L'esercizio, vi fa bene.)

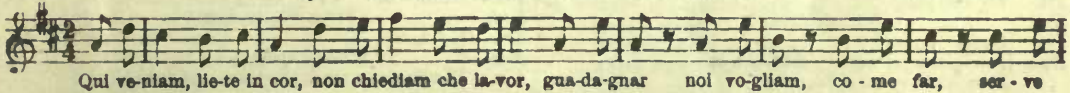
[*S'ode venir dalla via il canto delle contadine che vanno alla fiera di Richmond.*

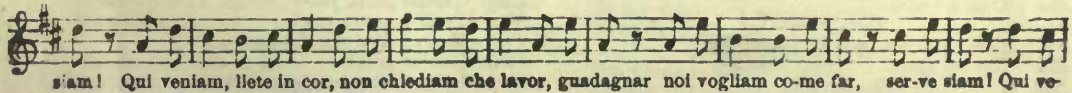
SCENE III.—Tristan *announced by a footman, and the same.*

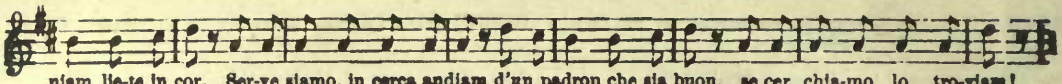
Foot. Sir Tristan of Mickleford!
Member of the house of Lords!
Knight, with many orders honor'd—
Lady. [*Interrupting him.*] We will spare you the remainder
Tri. [*Entering.*] Most respected, gracious cousin,
Lady of Her Majesty—
Most respectfully I venture—
Lady. [*Impatiently.*] Quick, my lord, for time doth flee.
Tri. May I inquire—
Lady. You may, Sir.
Tri. If the night has brought you rest,
And for new diversions zest?
Lady. Answer, Nancy!
Nan. [*To Tristan.*] Little, Sir.
Tri. Deign to listen to the programme
I've laid out for us to-day:
Luncheon at the donkey-races—
Nan. (Incomplete without my lord!)
Tri. Then a promenade—
Lady. Not with me, Sir!
Tri. Then a horse-race—
Lady. [*Ironically.*] Where you will
Through the lightness of your body
Surely win all the prizes.
[*Aside.*] Ah, what madness, gross and glaring,
What display of vanity;
Idle fancies make him daring,
And he feigns to sigh for me.
Tri. See her smiling and delighted
My devotion to behold.
Yes, to move her heart of marble
Takes a lover shrewd and bold.
Nan. [*To Tristan.*] See her smiling and delighted
Your devotion to behold;
Press your suit with fire and ardor,
Be a lover brave and bold.
Tri. [*To Lady.*] Tournament?
Lady. Bah! my fan, Sir!
Tri. [*Fetches and presents it.*]
Boat excursion?
Lady. Please my perfume!
[*Tristan fetches it as before.*
Nan. (His love evaporates already.)
Lady. How chilly feels the air!
Would you close the window, cousin?
[*Tristan goes and shuts it.*
Tri. [*Aside.*] Camp-work!
Lady. Oh! this atmosphere—
Air—the window—
Tri. Open?
Lady. Aye, Sir! [*Tristan re-opens it.*
Nan. (My lord's running for the prize!)

[*Here the song of Servant-girls, bound for the Fair at Richmond, is heard from outside.*

***QUI VENIAM*—LIGHT AND GAY.** Chorus.


Qui ve-niam, lie-te in cor, non chiediam che la-vor, gua-da-gnar noi vo-gliam, co - me far, ser - ve
Light and gay, all the day, Street and lane, Hill and plain, Rings along Mer-ry song, Till the night Si-lence


siam! Qui veniam, liete in cor, non chiediam che lavor, guadagnar noi vogliam co-me far, ser-ve siam! Qui ve-
bids Light and gay All the day, Street and lane, Hill and plain, Rings along Merry song, Till the night Silence bids Ple-asure



starts, Glee imparts Cheerful songs to youthful hearts; Trav'ling thus, Sorrowless, Are we to the Richmond mart.

Enr. [*Ascoltando.*] Quali voci!
Nan. E come liete!
Tri. Dan fastidio e nulla più.

Tri. (Ignorante servitu!)
[*S' odono di nuovo le voci delle serve venir dalla via.*
Nan. Son le serve; ho indovinato
Delle voci il lieto suon,
Di Richmond vanno al mercato,
Sono in cerca d'un padron.
Non han dote; il lor tesoro
Son le braccia è l'onestà,
Ma se povere son d'oro
Ricche son d'ilarità.

Tri. Strana fiera!
Nan. Così si usa.
Enr. S'io potessi!—Qual pensier!
Con le serve anch' io confusa
Del mercato il brio veder.
Tri. Pazzarella!
Enr. A me parlate?
Per dispetto lo farò—
Vo' che voi m' accompagniate.
Tri. Qual follia! Vi pare!—Ohibò!
Enr. Ho il vestir da contadina
Del veglion della Regina—
Tri. Degradarvi, o ciel! così?
Enr. Vuo' distrarmi! Va, Nancy,
Presto, pria che inoltri il dì,
Marta io son, Nancy; voi John—
Tri. Marta, John—ma dove son?
Enr. Marta io son, John siete voi.
Tri. John! io John! oh questo no.
Enr. [*Avvicinandosi a lui e facendogli delle moine.*]
E d' amarmi dici poi?
Chi ricusa amar non può.
Brami dunque ch'io ti preghi?
Un capriccio a me tu neghi?
Vedi, a te serbai quei fior
[*Prende i fiori e glieli dà.*
Tri. Ah! [*Sospirando e cedendo.*
Enr. La danza del contado
Or, Nancy, gli dèi mostrar.
Tri. Con questi abiti! Vi par!
Enr. Presto! in collera già vado—
[*Con dolcezza.*] Via, cugin, non mel negar
Nan. Attenzione! il ballo è questo
[*Mostrando la danza del villaggio.*
Si va in giro, snello il piè.
Più si va, più si fa presto,
Di galoppo andar si de'.
Tri. E dovrei?—
Enr. [*Insistendo.*] Ma sì, consenti.
Tri. Un mio pari!
Nan. Stiamo attenti!
Tri. Come! un lord!
Nan. [*Predendolo per mano.*] Badate a me.
Ecco qua—come si fa:
Tra, la, la, lara, la la. [*Lo fa ballare.*
Enr. Com' è svelto!
Nan. Com' è bello!
Tri. (Ahi! che fiato non ho più.)
Enr. Che bel tipo!
Nan. Che modello!
Tri. (Se ancor dura casco già.)

Lady. Hark, what sounds?
Nan. How gay a chorus!
Tri. Gay? Pshaw! Common, Miss, say I.
Lady. Happy people these must be!
Tri. Know these people happiness?
[*The Chorus is repeated outside.*
Nan. [*Who has gone to the window, and looked at the singers.*
To the Servants' Fair, at Richmond,
These plump lasses way are making,
Where the sturdy minded farmers
Smart survey of them are taking.
Carrying each a bundle light,
And their bonnets flower-deck'd,
To the dance first, then to work
Wander they, with lightsome hearts!
Tri. Dull affair!
Nan. Time-honor'd custom!
Lady. Ah! most charming rural scene!
Could I, unknown, with them mingle
On the luscious village green!
Tri. Absurd wish this!
Lady. How obliging!
Follow I shall my fancy now,
Just to tease your noble Lordship!
Tri. Lady! Cousin! Hear I right?
Lady. Nancy, find us peasant dresses,
To those lasses garments mated!
Tri. Might I ne'er live to see you humbled!
Lady. Humbled, cousin? Elevated!
[*Laughing.*] New-made rustics at a hop,
Martha, Nancy, and Sir Bob!
Tri. Who is Bob?
Lady. Bob are you!
Tri. No, not I! Be Bob who may!
Lady. [*Approaching him with feigned tenderness.*]
How? Tristan! Is this your affection?
Your good heart prompts your consenting
Take this sign of my relenting!
[*Gives him a bouquet.*

Tri. [*Sighing.*] Ah!
Lady. Now, my ever laughing Nancy,
Teach him how the peasants dance!
Tri. (When will end these whims tormenting?)
Lady. Lay aside your graceful manners,
Stiff and heavy move about!
Nan. Feet bent outward, bold and wayward,
Briskly, crisply stamp the floor;
Hat knock'd shapeless, half tipp'd over.
Reel and swagger to and fro!

Tri. Ah, how can I?
Lady. 'Tis my pleasure!
Tri. Never! no!
Lady. From left to right!
Tri. I, a Lord!
Nan. A noble sport!
You'll easily catch the spirit, my lord!
Tra, la, la. [*They make some dance.*
Lady. Quicker move you—
Nan. 'Twill improve you!
Tri. Mercy! I'm out of breath.
Lady. Less of polish!
Nan. Imitate, Sir, genuine nature.
Tri Nature How? It were my death.

Gar Che prodigio! che sveltezza!
Bravo! bravo! qual vigor!
Tri. Che tormento! che stanchezza!
Basta! basta! ho male al cor.
Nan. Oh! che grazia!—che bel torso!
Non son sazia—d'ammirar.
Tri. (La figura fo dell' orso
Che le scimmie fan danzar!)

SCENA IV.—*La piazza di Richmond.—Botteghe, panche, deschi, sgabelli.—Fattori, Contadini, poi le Serve.*

Piu Accorrete, giovinette,
Accorrete! a che tardar?
Quì venite, ingenue e schiette,
Non vi fate più aspettar!
Il più vago corsaletto.
Ed un nastro porporin,
Dee fregiare il vostro petto,
Intrecciarsi al vostro crin.
Su!
Se sarete oneste e buone,
Se il lavoro si farà!
Troverete un buon padrone,
Che per voi riguardi avrà!
Accorrete, giovinette
Non vi fate più aspettar.
Senza valide servette
Non possiamo qui restar.
Ecco giungono al villaggio
Restiam quì sul lor passaggio.

Coro di Servitore. Qui veniam liete in cor
Non chiediam che l avor,
Guadagnar noi vogliam
Come far serve siam!
Qui veniam liete in cor
Serve siam, in cerca andiam
D'un patron che sia buon
Le cerchiamo lo troviam.
Coro di Fattore. Tutte qui non tardar
Da gran tempo v'aspettiam!
Coro di Servitore. Dal matin noi corriamo
Stanche già ci affrettiam!

SCENA V.—PLUMKETT e LIONEL.

Plu. Quante voci! quante grida.
Che terribile frastuon!
Quì le serve il lucro guida;
Vanno in cerca d'un padron.
Tu, fratello, almen lo spero,
La tua scelta hai fatta già!
Lio. E perchè?
Plu. Perchè? Davvero
Strana in chiesta tu mi fai!
Nel morir la madre, il sai,
Disse: "Or chi ti guiderà?"
Lio. Sia dal cielo benedetta!
Plu. Fu paziente, fu amorosa,
Pei suoi figli senza posa
Fu veduta lavorar—
Le carezze, i baci suoi
Tutti furono per te.
Sgarbi e busse erano poi
Riserbati solo a me.
Lio. Buon fratello!
Plu Va, fa core!
Non sei solo, teco io sto.
Per me sacro è il tuo dolore,
Scudo e guida a te sarò.

Lady. What prodigious agility!
Bravo! bravo! what vigor!
Tri. What tormenting exercises!
Enough! Or I shall faint!
Nan. How graceful, what handsome bearing!
I cannot help admiring him!
Tri. (I look very much like a bear
Whom monkies are forcing to dance.)
[*Exeunt dancing*

SCENE IV.—*Market-place at Richmond.—Tents, shops, tables, benches, &c.—Farmers, Peasants, afterwards Servants.*

Cho. Maidens, bright and fair,
Draw near, draw near; free is the Fair!
Hither hasten quick;
Through diligence lies the way to luck!
Haste you, hasten, cheerful lasses,
Be not tardy on your way,
For the Fair will soon be open,
And advancing is the day.
Done! and the bargain consummated
Neither party can undo it;
Is the servant faithful, honest,
Neither party then will rue it.
They are coming, gaily singing;
Let us meet them, welcome bringing.

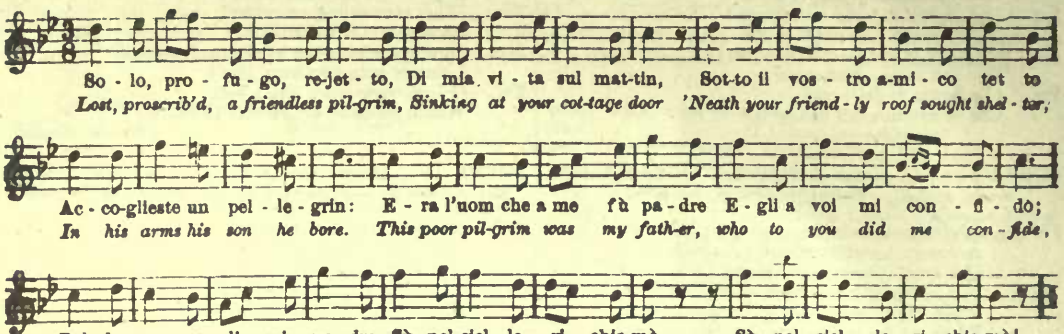
Servants enter.

Cho. of Servants. Light and gay, all the day,
Street and lane, hill and plain,
Rings along merry song
Till the night silence bids.
Pleasure starts, glee imparts
Cheerful song to youthful hearts
Travelling thus sorrowless
Are we to the Richmond mart.
Farmers. Maidens bright, maidens fair,
Welcome are: the Fair is free!
Servants. Travelling has made us weary,
Let's disperse, seeking rest! [*Disperse*

SCENE V.—LIONEL *and* PLUNKETT.

Plu. What a clatt'ring, what a prattling,
Volleys of bewild'ring sound!
Healthy tongues, that know their business
In this motley crowd abound.
Well, my brother, a selection
Hast thou made with circumspection?
Lio. Ah! what for?
Plu. What for? Assistance
On our farm we sadly need—
Which (our mother hath so [illegible])
Now together we must keep.
Lio. Blessed be her mem'ry ever!
Plu. Aye! she was an excellent soul;
Such a manager was never
Born to bustle, to control.
Thine were always her caresses;
Tender hearted! well they might;
I, more sturdy, got the scoldings:
As her child, they were my right.
Lio. You dear brother!
Plu. Thou art calling
Not a soul to love thee, thine;
Friends and kinsmen never knew'st thou.
Should not then their place be mine?

SOLO PROFUGO—LOST, PROSCRIB'D. LIONEL


So - lo, pro - fu - go, re-jet - to, Di mia vi - ta sul mat-tin, Sot-to il vos - tro a-mi - co tet to
Lost, proscrib'd, a friendless pil-grim, Sinking at your cot-tage door 'Neath your friend - ly roof sought shel - ter,
Ac - co-glieste un pel - le - grin: E - ra l'uom che a me fù pa - dre E - gli a voi mi con - fi - dò;
In his arms his son he bore. This poor pil-grim was my fath-er, who to you did me con - fide,
Pel la vo - ce di - mia ma - dre, Sù nel ciel lo ri - chia-mò, Sù nel ciel lo ri - chia-mò!
With his dy - ing breath im-plor - ing That his child thro' life you'd guide, That his child thro' life you'd guide.

Plu. Nè giammai saper potemmo
Chi foss' ei, donde venìa,
Questa gemma sol vedemmo
A te dar mentre moria;
E ti disse: "Se mio figlio
Un periglio—incontrerà,
Ch' ei la mostri a la sovrana,
Nè a lui vana—tornerà."

Lio Fratel mio, me non seduce.
Delle corti lo splendor,
Non son vago d' altra luce
Che del raggio dell' amor.
Pace amica quì godiamo,
Regna quì la libertà,
Le dovizie non cerchiamo,
Un tesoro è l'amistà.

SCENA VI.—*Fattori e Serve arrivando in folla; i precedenti.—Suona mezzo-dì.*

Coro. Ecco suona mezzo-dì, il mercato s' apre già,
Tutti pronti siamo quì, lo sceriffo arriverà
Largo! largo! eccolo qua.
I cont. atti a; proverà.

Sce. Nessun s'oda più fiatar,
Sol la legge dee parlar.

Tutti. Stiam la legge ad ascoltar.

Sce. [*Leggendo una pergamena munita di suggelli.*]
"Noi, Regina d'Inghilterra—
(V'inchinate come me
Che m' inchino sino a terra)
Comandiamo e vogliam che
Un contratto—che al mercato
Sarà fatto—di Richmond
S' abbia come stipulato
E di pubblica di ragion."
Chi a servire quì si espone,
Quando l'arra ricevè,
Per lo meno il suo padrone
Tutto un anno servir de'.
E così?

Coro. Nessun s' oppone.

Sce. Or lasciatevi veder—
[*Fa avanzar una delle serve e l' interroga.*
Tu, Molly, che puoi saper?

Mol [*Avanzandosi.*] Io cucino, orlo, ricamo,
Riposare mai non bramo.

Plu. We have never learnt his station,
Never learnt your father's rank;
All he left to tell the secret
Is the jewel on your hand.
"If your fate should ever darken,"
Quoth he, "show it to the Queen,
She will save you, she will guard you
When no other help is seen."

Lio. Here in peace and sweet contentment
Have I pass'd my life with you;
Stronger, daily, grew a friendship
That forever lasts, when true.
Brother, think not wealth and splendor,
If perchance they ever be mine,
Can as happy this heart render
As the friendship fix'd in thine.

SCENE VI.—*A crowd of Farmers and Servants enter. The clock strikes mid-day*

Cho. Hark, hark, the bell! In wig and robe
The Sheriff comes the Fair to ope!
Draw near now, lasses, gather round!

Sher. [*Entering pompously.*]
For your government a space
Open, low-bred populace!

Cho. For the government leave a space!

Sher. [*Unfolding a large parchment.*]
I shall now the law expound;
Listen all, come close around.
"Anna, we, the Queen of England,"
(Hats off, as I hav't myself:
Never comes amiss politeness,)
"We acknowledge by this Act
These to be the rules exact
Of the yearly Richmond Fair:
That all contracts made with servants
In the open market here,
Shall be binding with both parties
For the then ensuing year.
Not a power there is can break them,
If money has been given and taken.
Did you hear?

Cho. We knew it this long time

Sher. Now, my girls, we'll learn your virtues.
[*One of the servants advances*
'Tell us yours first, Molly Pitt.

First Ser. I'm in sowing and in mowing,
And in reaping, cutting, sweeping.

Spacco legna, vengo, vo,
Ed in ozio—non mi sto.
Sco. Quattro lire! chi la vuole?
Un Fat. Qua son io! non più parole.
Sco. [*Chiamando una seconda serva, ed interrogandola.*]
Tu, Tolly, che sai tu far?
Tol. [*Avanzandosi.*]
Fo le torte, fo il vin mosto,
Fo le creme, il bove arrosto
Per cucire e per lavar,
Me nessuna, può uguagliar.
Sco. Cinque lire! Chi la prende?
Un Fat. Io, se alcun non vi pretende
Sco. [*Come sopra, chiamandone una terza.*]
Betly, vieni, spetta a te.
Bet. Curo i polli, fo il bucato,
Tesso, filo, inaffio il pratto,
Fo il pudding, il burro, il thé,
Sempre pronta, sempre in pié.

Sco. [*Alle altre.*] Kitty Bell, e Liddy Well,
Nelly Box, e Jally Fox—
Tutti. [*Rispondono simultaneamente.*]
I bambini cullo ed amo
Come fosser figli miei.—
Buona a tutto quì mi chiamo,
Non so cosa non farei—
Posso dir che una gallina
Fa per me quattr' ovi al dì.—
Non mi vanto, ma in cucina
Chi mi tenne s' arrichì.
Sco. [*Turandosi le orecchie.*]
Che gridìo, che scampanar!
Coro Il contratto—è bell' e fatto,
La caparra ho avuta già. [*Viano.*

SCENA VII.—Lady Enrichetta (Marta), Nancy, Sir Tristano, *tutti e tre da Contadini; poi* Lionello e Plumkett.

Enr. Vieni, John, già stanco sei!
Nan. Caro John! perchè temer!
Tri. John! John! Via! partir vorrei!
Se si giunge ciò a saper!
Enr. e Nan. Che delizia! che contento!
Ben facemmo di venir.
Tri. Che vergogna! che tormento!
Perchè volli consentir!
Plu. [*Arrivando.*] To'! due giovani donnette!

Lio. Hai ragion, son belle inver!
Plu. Troppo belle per servette.
Leo. Chi saran!
Plu. Lascia veder.
Tri. [*Sotto voce alle donne,*]
Dai villan par che ci osservi;
Andiam via.
Nan. Perchè? restiamo.
Tri. Dai villan' Dio mi preservi!
Su, partiamo—
Enr. Noi vogliamo.
[*Con voce alta.*] Non v' accetto per padrone!
Tri. [*Sotto voce.*] Vi dovreste—vergognar!
Nan. Ma qual dritto, qual ragione
Voi vorreste—esercitar?

Enr. Serva d' altro mi vo' far.
Plu. e Lio. [*Avanzandosi.*] Non sarà così formata,
Se con vio non vuole andar.
Plu. Lo lasciate, noi seguite
Quì venite;—più gradite
Voi sarete s' un padrone.

Cutting, knitting, dresses fitting,
Quite expert, believe me, Sir.
Sher. Price, four guineas! Who'll engage her?
A Farmer. I will run the risk and danger.
Sher. What can you do, Polly Smith?

Second Ser. [*Advancing.*]
I'm at baking, pudding making,
Roasting, broiling, stewing, boiling,
Sweets abounding cakes compounding,
Rated as a first rate hand.
Sher. Price, five guineas! Who will try her?
A Farmer's wife. I will, Mister City-crier!
Sher. What can you do, Betsy Witt?

Third Ser. Advancing.]
To my master I shall prove me
Faithful warden of the garden,
Digging, sowing, reaping, mowing,
And the poultry feeding well.
Sher. Kitty Bell and Liddy Well,
And Nelly Box and Sally Fox!
Cho. I can well take care of babies,
Feed them, dress them, rock to sleep them,
Chickens, pigeons, ducks
I know how to provide for
I would try it, if I can,
With some nice old gentleman,
Lone old widower he might be,
With no other help but me.

Sher. Your cackling stop! You make me deaf!

Farmers. Ready to trade we are;
Look ye for masters now!
[*All gather round the magistrate.*

SCENE VII.—Lady Harriet, Nancy, Tristan, *in peasant's dresses: afterwards* Lionel *and* Plunkett

Lady. Forward, Bob! What! need you pulling?
Nan. Bob, my friend, why look so sour?
Tri. Bob? oh fie! (There's no escaping
Since I am in Amor's pow'r!)
Lady & Nan. How with full contentment beaming
Ev'ry sunburnt face appears!
Tri. I'm with rage and anger teeming,
And can scarce withhold my tears.
Plu. [*Entering with Lionel.*]
Thunder! there's a brace of darlings!
Lio. Aye, indeed, they're young and fair!
Plu. Much too fair for heavy labor.
Lio. For housework too?
Plu. That they might bear
Tri. Note these fellows keenly staring!
Let's be gone!

Lady & Nan. We're pleased to stay.
Tri. Quite suspicious is their bearing.
Come, be gone!
Lady. No; I'm your servant not,
Nor is such place to my liking.
Tri. Nonsense! Stay then; be it so.
Nan. [*Seeing herself observed by Plunkett and Lionel. To Tristan.*] Well, I think you'll have to face it,
If with you she will not go!
Lady. No, with him I will not go.
Plu. & Lio. You hear it, Sir?
She will not go.
Plu. Comfort take! There's others yet.
Girls! you yonder! Hither hasten;
Here's a bidder, guinea 'aden!

Tri. (Qual supplizio!)
Enr. e Nan. Hanno ragione!
[*Le serve tornando, parlando tutte insieme e circondando Tristano.*
Coro. Io cucino, fo il ricamo, ec.
Enr. e Nan. Che fracasso! quanto chiasso!
Qual delizia! qual letizia!
Più che n' odo—più ne godo!
Circondato John han già.
Tri. Mi lasciate—non gridate!
Che romore—che fragore!
Indiscrete—quante siete,
Ve n' andate, via di quà!
[*Le serve trascinano seco Sir Tristano e viano.*

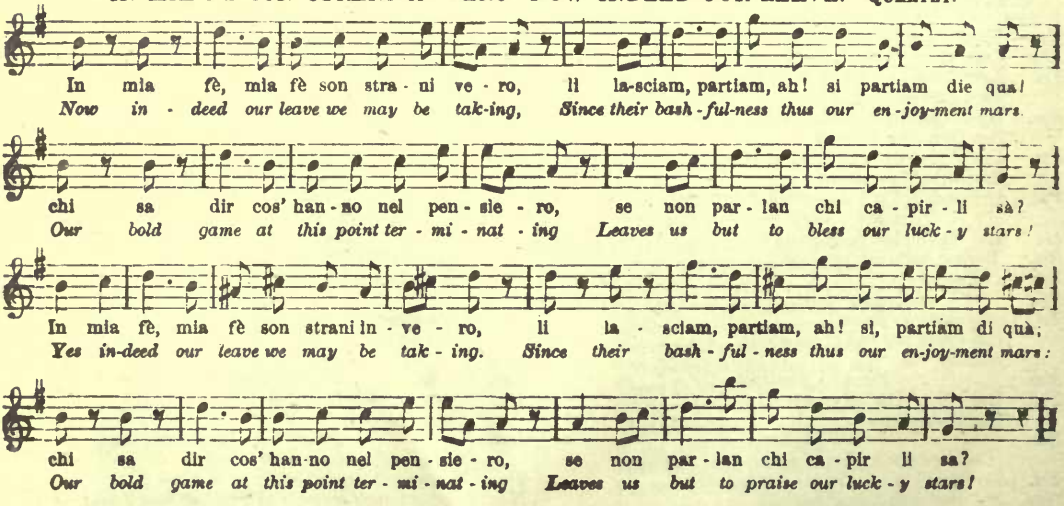
SCENA VIII.—Lady Enrichetta, Nancy, Plumkett, Lionello.

Enr. Nancy, guarda che occhi ardenti!
Nan. Or vedrem che sapran dir.
Plu. D'invitarle vuoi ch'io tenti?
Lio. Cerca. cerca di riuscir.
Enr. Son sicura—che ha paura.
Come parla un contadin?
Nan. Non si parla.
Plu. Via, coraggio?
Parla tu?
Lio. Non so che dir.
Plu. Che poltron!—Stammi ad udir.
[*Si avanza, tossisce, smozzica le parole e s' interrompe.*
Nan. Non dice niente.
Li lasciamo?
Enr. [*Avviandosi.*] Immantinente!
Lio. Se ne vanno.
Plu. Come far!

Tri. How malicious!
Lady & Nan. Fun delicious!
[*The girls come forward and surround Tristan.*
All. I'm in sowing, and in mowing, &c.
Lady & Nan. How they bother and distress him
With tumultuous noises press him!
Closer round him draws their circle,
And he yields in awkward flight!
Tri. My dilemma is dismaying!
Naughty witches, stop your braying!
To appease them nought availeth.
Reason faileth,
Flight alone may save me yet.
[*Tristan retreats from the stage, followed by the servant girls*

SCENE VIII.—Lady Harriet, Nancy, Plunkett Lionel.

Lady. Nancy! See them eye us keenly!
Nan. Yes, we please, for all I know.
Plu. [*To Lionel.*] One of them would suit exactly
Lio. Would you separate them? No!
Lady. [*To Nancy.*] Is he not a bashful fellow?
Wonder how such peasant talks.
Nan. Plain, for one thing!
Plu. [*To Lionel.*] Why so timid?
Go, address them!
Lio. Friend, I'm afraid.
Plu. Ah, poltroon! Look how I do it.
[*Advances towards the ladies, as if to speak to them, but checks himself and returns.*
Nan. He too is dumb! Stupid things!
Let us go.
Lady. Yes, let us go.
Lio. Friend, they're going.
Plu. 'Twere too bad.

IN MIA FE SON STRANI IN VERO—NOW INDEED OUR LEAVE. Quartet.

In mia fè, mia fè son stra - ni ve - ro, li la-sciam, partiam, ah! si partiam die qua!
Now in - deed our leave we may be tak-ing, Since their bash-ful-ness thus our en-joy-ment mars.
chi sa dir cos' han - no nel pen - sie - ro, se non par - lan chi ca - pir - li sà?
Our bold game at this point ter - mi - nat - ing Leaves us but to bless our luck - y stars!
In mia fè, mia fè son strani in - ve - ro, li la - sciam, partiam, ah! si, partiam di quà;
Yes in-deed our leave we may be tak - ing. Since their bash - ful - ness thus our en-joy-ment mars:
chi sa dir cos' han-no nel pen - sie - ro, se non par - lan chi ca - pir li sa?
Our bold game at this point ter - mi - nat - ing Leaves us but to praise our luck - y stars!

Lio. e Plu. Due donzelle più vaghe e più belle,
Come lor, no, la città non ha, non ha,
Son due gemme, sono due stelle,
E il mio labbro a lor dire nol sa!
Plu. (Su coraggio!) [*Si avanza risolutamente.*
Giovinette,
Ci piacete; vi prendiamo;

Lio. & Plu. Such rare chance must not slip by untaken,
Servant girls like these are jewels seldom found!
Those arch looks my heart have sorely shaken;
Not without her shall I leave this place!
Plu. (Courage, Plunkett!) [*Advances resolutely*
Wait one minute!
You're our choice, girls—have no fears

Se in servir siete provette
Aggiustare ci possiamo.
Lio. [*Imitandolo.*] Vi prendiam.
Enr. Come servette?
Nan. [*Ridendo.*] Ah! ah! ah!
Lio. Ridete!
Plu. E buono! Le fatiche son più accette
Se le serve allegre sono
Enr. e Nan. (Noi servir
Plu. [*A Nancy.*] A voi i montoni,
Il fenil la scuderia
[*A Lady Enrichetta.*] Tu dovrai la fattoria
Tener netta.

Lio. [*Opponendosi.*] No, no, no,
No'l potria—sì delicata,
Sì gentil—
Plu. [*Scotendo il capo.*] Ci pensorò.
Lavorate; e in premio avrete
Dieci lire, se vi va.
Ogni festa, se il volete
Un pudding vi si darà.
Enr. e Nan. Sì, mi piace il vostro patto.
Lio. Va!
Enr. Sì, va. [*Si stringono la mano.*
Lio. Val per contratto
Questa è l'arra. Ed or partiam.

SCENA IX.—TRISTANO, *sempre perseguitato dalle Serve; e i precedenti.*

Tri Ecco qui la somma intera,
Ma partite, per pietà!
[*Vedendo Lady Enrichetta tra i due contadini.*
Che mai veggo! Che maniera!
Vi scostate. [*Avanzandosi a Plunkett.*
Plu. [*Bruscamente.*] Oh! che si fa?
Enr. e Nan. Or finiam.
Plu. Cosa compinta!
L'arra aveste.
Tri. Impossibile!
Sapiate—
Enr. (Ciel! sarò perduta
Se alla corte si saprà).
Nan. (Guai se siete conosciuta,
La Regina che dirà!)
Tri. Su, venite. [*Volendo condur via le donne.*
Plu. [*Opponendosi.*] No, no, affatto!
Per un anno le serbiamo;
Lo sceriffo del contratto
E garante; in dritto siamo.
Tutti. Quando l'arra avrà accettata
Una serva s'è legata.
Non v'è scusa, non pretesto.
Per un anno! il patto è questo
Per un anno, un anno inter
Voi sarete in suo potor!
Sì, v'è forza consentir
A servir!
Giovinette, siate oneste
Fedeltà l'impon
A seguire siate
Preste chi di vien padron!
[*Plunkett e Lionello fanno salire le due [illegible] in un carrozzino e le conducono via; Tristan [illegible] vorrebbe opporsi: egli è condotto via dai fattori e dalle serve.*

If you're honest, smart and thrifty,
May we be together years.
Lio. Yes, for years.
Lady. And serving you, Sir?
Nan. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Lio. You're laughing?
Plu. Let them! Why not laughing earn one's money,
If the work is done as well?
Lady & Nan. Work? we?
Plu. [*To Nancy.*] Geese and pigs and chickens
Shall be entrusted to your care.
[*To Lady Harriet.*] You shall till with hoe and shovel
Field and garden.
Lio. Friend, forbear;
She is poorly built for farming;
She may at home—
Plu. Our socks be darning.
Fifty crowns your yearly wages,
And for extras we'll throw in
Half a pint of ale on Sundays,
And plum pudding New-year's day.
Lady & Nan. Who'd refuse such tempting offer?
Lio. & Plu. Yes!
Lady & Nan. Yes, yes! [*They shake hands.*
Lio. & Plu. Here—take your money;
For the journey quick prepare!

SCENE IX.—TRISTAN *re-appears upon the stage, still pursued by the Servants.*

Tri. Go—leave off—here's money, wenches!
Plague upon your crazy band!
[*He throws them a purse; the girls desist. Seeing the Ladies converse with Lionel and Plunkett.*
Ho! What's this? You are forgetting—
Come, away! [*Advancing towards Plunkett.*
Plu. [*Brusquely.*] What may you want?
Lady & Nan. Yes, we'll go.
Plu. I'd like to see you!
Money binds you!
Tri. To be bor'd!
Know then—
Lady. [*Aside to Tristan.*] So you want my ruin?
What if this transpires at court!
Nan. We should be disgrac'd forever!
Rather die—but tell them never.
Tri. Come then! [*Tries to lead the ladies off.*
Plu. [*Checking him.*] Remain you!
We have hir'd you for a year;
Ask the sheriff, he'll attest it,
And will show our title clear.
Sher. & Cho. If there's money given and taken
The bargain must remain unshaken.
Yes, the law knows no relenting.
Since you're bound by free consenting,
Nought can free you from your fetters
Now, until a year is o'er!
Aye, lass, the bargain's made!
Aye, lass, the money's paid!
Sacred keep your vows,
And never swerve from duty's path.
Fickle hearts and minds
Are justly shunned by honest men.
[*Lady Harriet and Nancy mount with Lionel and Plunkett a farmer's wagon, which is driven up in the rear of the stage. Tristan is kept back by the farmers and peasants. The curtain falls while the ladies depart.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT

ATTO II.

SCENA I.—*Interno della fattoria di Plunkett.*

LIONELLO, PLUMKETT, LADY ENRICHETTA e NANCY.

Lio. e Plu. Siam giunte, o giovinette
Al nostro casolar.
Enr. e Nan. (Fuggir non potrem mai
Dovremo qui restar.)
Lio. e Plu. Siam giunte, o giovenette
Al nostro casolar!
Enr. e Nan. Chi sa se troveremo
Come di quà scappar?
Lio. e Plu. Andiam, fateci cor!
Mettetevi al lavor.
Enr. e Nan. Ahimè, ci siam,
Non c' è chi far.
Ahimè, ci siam,
C' è forza lavorar.
Lio. Non siate sì dolenti
Si vive allegri qua!
Plu. Questra camera e per voi.
Enr. A diman! [*Congedandosi.*
Nan. A diman!
Plu. Voi fate error;
Pria servir e dormir poi.
Enr. e Nan. Ah! dal freddo tremo tutta!
Lio. Or dal sono cascan già.
Plu. Che vuol dir questa pietà?
Nan. Un capriccio ben paghiamo.
Plu. Ah! non so il vostre nome ancor?
Enr. e Nan. Noi?
Lio. Sì, voi.
Plu. Sapere lo vogliamo.
Enr. Marta è il mio.
Lio. Marta?
Enr. Sì!
Plu. Ben, e il tuo?
Nan. Che dirgli mai?
Plu. Che? no'l sai?
Nan. E Betsy.
Plu. Ah! Betsy? mi piace assai!
Un bel nome! Vieni quì.
To' Betsy, fanciulla mia,
[*Bruscamente.*] Togli via—questo mantello!
Nan. [*Indignata.*] Io! Giammai!
Plu. [*In collera.*] Veder vorria!
Lio. [*Trattenendolo.*] Spaventare si potria.—
Come io fo, dirai bel bello:
Marta, prendi il mio cappello.
[*Lady Enrichetta gli volge le spalle sdegnosamente.*
Plu. e Lio. (Che dissi mai! L'offendo?
Son colmo di stupor,
Io stesso nol comprendo,
Ne son sorpreso amor.)
Nan. e Enr. (Almeno mi difendo?
Che credono costor?
Sì presto non m' arrendo
Ad un capriccio lor.)
Plu. Presto, presto! andiam, prendete,
Quell' arnese. [*Indicando il filatoio.*
Nan. e Enr. Filar! che!

Plu. Certamente! ma perchè
A servire vi ponete!
Nan. e Enr. [*Ridendo.*] Noi filar! Ah! ah! ah! ah!
Plu. [*Contraffacendole.*] Ah! ah! ah! si filerà!
Credevate venir qua
Per restar tranquille e a spasso?
[*Bruscamente.*] Obbedite.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The interior of Plunkett's farm-house*

LIONEL, PLUNKETT, LADY HARRIET *and* NANCY

Lio. & Plu. This is your future dwelling;
And travelling has an end.
Lady & Nan. We're reaping for our folly
Full measur'd punishment!
Lio. & Plu. Our house and home are yours now
Their comfort you will share.
Lady & Nan. Their house and home are ours now,
O we unhappy pair!
Lio. & Plu. At dawn of day and morn's first glimpse
Be up and stir about
Lady & Nan. What vulgar ways they make us take!
Before the sun is out!
More monstrous things they'll next command
That we never heard about!
Lio. And extra crowns your purse will see
Before the year is out!
Plu. Yonder door leads to your chamber.
Lady. [*Starting towards it.*] Humbly we—
Nan. Wish good night.
Plu. Not quite so fast.
First prepare a light repast.
Lady & Nan. Kitchen work! O these barbarians!
Lio. Why not let them? They are tir'd.
Plu. Too much kindness will not do.
Nan. (He will send us to the kitchen!)
Plu. Well—but stop! what names bear you?
Lady & Nan. We?
Lio. Who else then?
Plu. Yes, pray you! Smart ones are you!
Lady. Martha is mine.
Lio. Martha?
Lady. Yes.
Plu. [*To Nancy.*] Well, and yours?
Nan. (What shall I tell him?)
Plu. Don't you know it?
Nan. Julia.
Plu. Julia! You're proudly nam'd, girl!
Julia! be kind enough—
If your ladyship so please it—
[*Brusquely.*] To take my hat and mantle off
Nan. [*Pertly.*] Do it yourself!
Plu. [*Taken aback.*] Bold! by the prophets!
Lio. [*To Plunkett.*] Not so bluntly give your orders
Rather wishes breathe, like me:
Martha, take these things, prithee!
[*Lady Harriet looks at him disdainfully and turns away.*
Lio. & Plu. Surpris'd I am and astounded,
And I can say no more;
Such impudence unbounded
Was never seen before.
Lady & Nan. Surpris'd they're and confounded
And sorely puzzled is their brain;
This blow has smartly sounded,
May be they'll never try again!
Plu. Quick now, fetch the spinning-wheels
From out the corner!
Lady & Nan. Do you want us then to spin?
Lio. Yes, most surely.
Plu. Do you think
That for talking we engag'd you?
Lady & Nan. Ha, ha, ha! To see us spinning!
Plu. Ha, ha, ha! To see you spinning!
If you want your wages paid
You must earn them first, my maid.
Come and make then a beginning.
Fetch the wheels now!

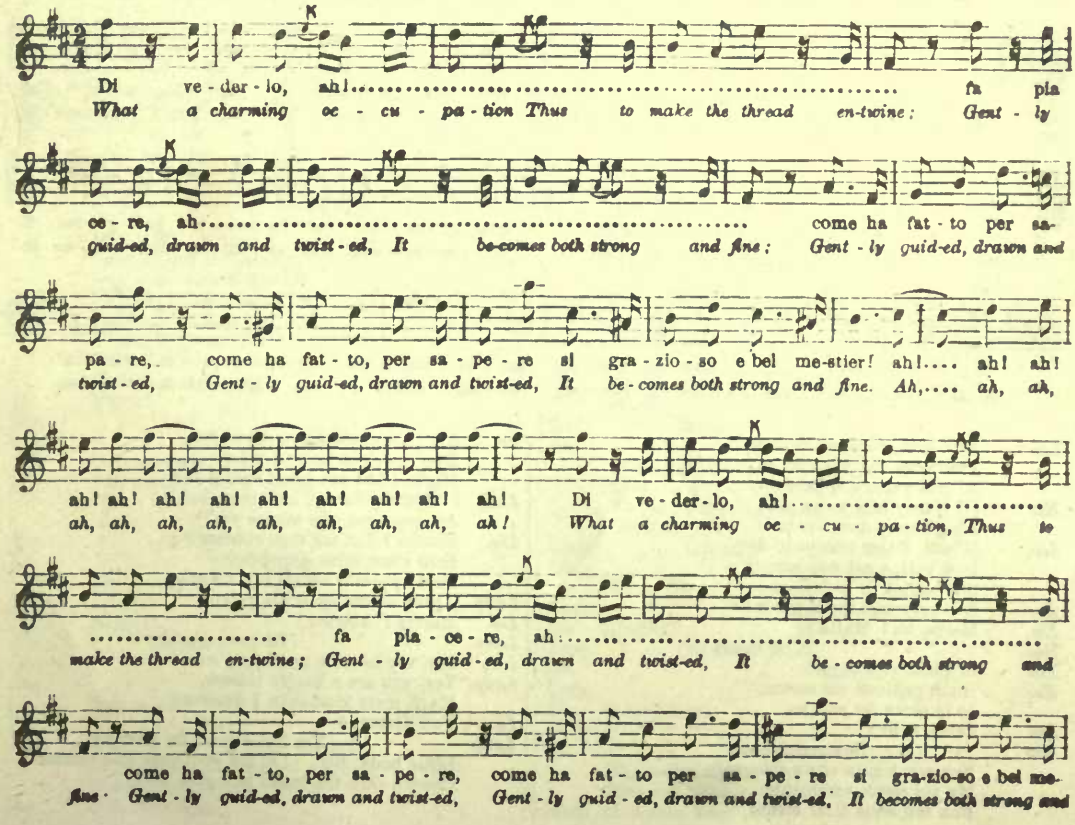
Enr. e Nan. Che fracasso!
Lio. [*A Plunkett.*] Le vuoi dunque spaventar?

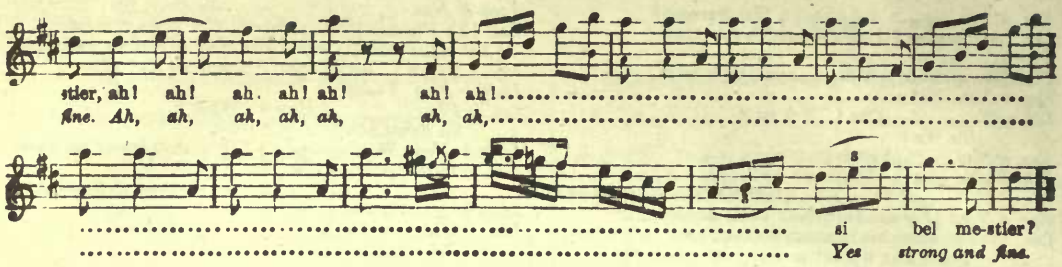
Plu. [*Spingendole.*] A filare entrambe, e tosto!
Enr. e Nan. Nol so.
Lio. e Plu. Che? Nol sai?
Sie die!
Enr. e Nan. Ci siam!
Plu. Fatelo girar! Trr! trr! trr!
[*Imitando il rumor della ruota.*
Enr. e Nan. [*Fermandosi.*] Non vuole andar.
Lio. La conocchia in mano abbiate,
Tra le dita il lino va.
Enr. e Nan. Esser deggiono bagnate?
Plu. Gira.
Enr. e Nan. Insiem?
Lio. Sì.
Enr. e Nan. [*Rallentando.*] E che si fa?
Plu. Presto!
Enr. e Nan. [*Girando.*] Ancor?
Plu. Così va ben!
Enr. Lo vorrei vedere almen!
Plu. Si faco sì!
Plu. e Lio. [*Mostrando come si fila Plunkett fa girar il filatoio.*]
Mentre il piè la ruota gira,
De la man pigliare il lino;
Poi con garbo il torce e tira,
Perchè venga forte e fino.

Lady & Nan We obey, Sir!
Lio. [*To Plunkett.*] Not so harsh, you frighten them.
[*The ladies fetch the wheels and place them in the foreground*
Plu. Pshaw! Begin then, I command it.
Lady & Nan. I cannot!
Lio. & Plu. How? What?
Sit down now!
Lady & Nan. We're seated. [*Taking seats behind the wheels*
Plu. Turn the wheel! brr, brr, brr!
[*Imitating the noise of the machine*
Lady & Nan. It will not turn!
Lio. With your thumb and your first finger
Draw a thread and twist it round.
Lady & Nan. But the stubborn wheel won't move, Sir
Plu. Turn it!
Lady & Nan. It turns not.
Lio. Push then!
Lady. It moves not!
Plu. Won't it? Can't you spin then?

Lady & Nan. Never learnt it. Teach us!
Plu. Be attentive then!
Plu. & Lio. [*Spinning.*]
When the foot the wheel turns lightly,
Let the hand the thread entwine;
Draw and twist it, neatly, tightly,
Then 'twill be both strong and fine.

DI VEDERLO—WHAT A CHARMING OCCUPATION. LADY HARRIET.


Di ve - der - lo, ah! fa pia
What a charming oc - cu - pa - tion Thus to make the thread en-twine; Gent - ly
ce - re, ah come ha fat - to per sa-
guid-ed, drawn and twist-ed, It be-comes both strong and fine; Gent - ly guid-ed, drawn and
pa - re, come ha fat - to, per sa - pe - re si gra - zio - so e bel me-stier! ah!.... ah! ah!
twist-ed, Gent - ly guid-ed, drawn and twist-ed, It be - comes both strong and fine. Ah,.... ah, ah,
ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! Di ve - der - lo, ah!
ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah! What a charming oc - cu - pa - tion, Thus to
fa pia - ce - re, ah
make the thread en-twine; Gent - ly guid - ed, drawn and twist-ed, It be - comes both strong and
come ha fat - to, per sa - pe - re, come ha fat - to per sa - pe - re si gra-zio-so e bel me-
fine. Gent - ly guid-ed, drawn and twist-ed, Gent - ly guid - ed, drawn and twist-ed, It becomes both strong and



Lio. e Plu Lo vedete?
Nan. e Enr. Lo vediam.
Lio. e Plu. Comprendeste?—
Nan. e Enr. Comprendemmo.
Nancy, annoiata, rovescia il filatoio e fuggi inseguita da Plumkett

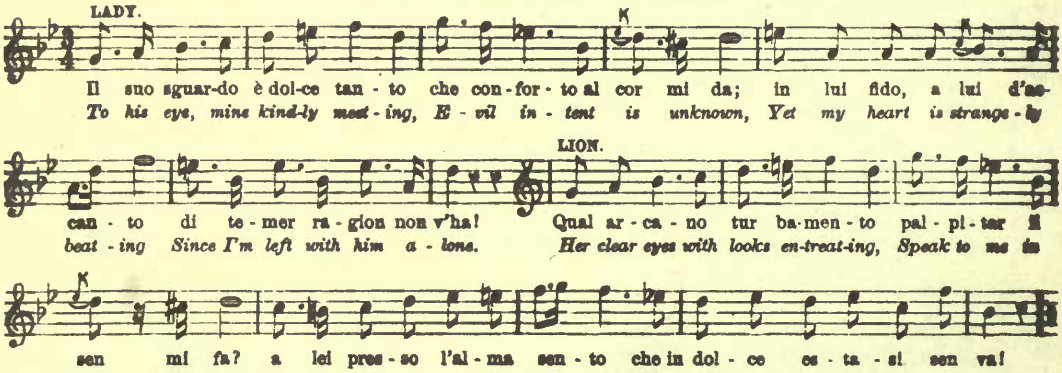
SCENA II.—LIONELLO *e* LADY ENRICHETTA.

Enr. Nancy—no, Betsy! deh! resta
Ciel! mi lascia sola quì!
[*Per seguirla.*
Lio. Non fuggir, Marta! t'arresta:
Hai timor?
Enr. Di voi? No—sì—

Lio. & Plu. Have observ'd you?
Lady & Nan. Yes, we have.
Lio. & Plu. Comprehended?
Lady & Nan. Yes, we have.
[*Nancy turns Plunkett's spinning-wheel over and runs off, followed by Plunkett.*

SCENE II.—LIONEL *and* LADY HARRIET.

Lady. Nancy! Julia! Oh, stay thee!
Heavens! she leaves me here, alone!
[*Turns to follow Nancy.*
Lio. Stay yet, Martha! Why this hurry?
Art afraid?
Lady Of you? oh no!

IL SUO SGUARDO—TO HIS EYE, MINE KINDLY MEETING. LADY AND LIONEL.

LADY.
Il suo sguar-do è dol-ce tan - to che con-for - to al cor mi da; in lui fido, a lui d'ne-
To his eye, mine kind-ly meet - ing, E - vil in - tent is unknown, Yet my heart is strange - ly
LION.
can - to di te - mer ra - gion non v'ha! Qual ar - ca - no tur ba-men - to pal - pi - ter fi
beat - ing Since I'm left with him a - lone. Her clear eyes with looks en-treat-ing, Speak to me in
sen mi fa? a lei pres - so l'al - ma sen - to che in dol - ce es - ta - si sen va!
thrills un-known. And my heart is strangely beat - ing, Since I am left with her a - lone.

Lio. Ah! non credermi crudele,
Farò quel che più vuoi tu.
Al mio patto son fedele.
Enr. (E Nancy non torna più!
Ah! Nancy dove sei tu!)
Lio. M' odi, finger non poss' io;
Io ti vidi, e nel mio cor
S'accendea di te desio—
Enr. E Nancy non torna ancor!
Lio. Marta, ah! Marta!
Enr. Che volete?
Lio. Io gentil con te sarò.
Enr. Buon padrone voi sarete,
Io la serva far non so.
Lio. Come a dir?
Enr Sempre ridente,
Non son buona che a scherzar;
Ma pel resto, veramente,
Non son abile a far niente

Lio. Ah, how could I ever scold her,
Ever speak in unkind tones!
Might I but my heart unfold her!
Lady. (Whither, Nancy, hast thou fled?
Ah, poor me, she tarries yet!)
Lio. Martha! Let me then confess it:
Ever since thine angel face
First appear'd before my vision—
Lady. (Quite alarming is his gaze!)
Lio. Martha! Martha!
Lady. (He grows bolder!)
Lio. See, my heart is good and true.
Lady. Yes, you are a kindly master,
Much more kind than I deserve.
Lio. You deserve?
Lady. I'm but a good for nothing
Little body, Sir! Let me go; your idle servant
Cannot earn the bread you give her!

Io morrei senza di te!—
Se il lavoro ti spaventa,
Lascia star—non lavorar.
Io veder ti vo' contenta;
Per distrarti puoi cantar.
Va; t' ascolto.

Enr. In ver non oso—

Lio. Te ne prega il tuo padrone
Una piccola canzone.

Enr. Quale?

Lio. [*Vedendo la rosa che ella ha al corsaletto.*]
Questo fior quì ascoso
Sarà mio.

Enr Rendete il fior!

Lio. No, lo voglio.

Enr Il vuol!

Lio. Ten prego!

Enr. Sia così; più non mi nego. [*Canta.*

Lio. My heart would break should I send thee away!
No—no work shall e'er dismay you,
But throughout the livelong day
Sing you, to our work us cheering,
Many a gay, melodious lay!
Sing a song me!

Lady. I'm too bashful.

Lio. Let it be a people's lay,
Sent by God unto the poor.

Lady. Ah, no!

Lio. [*Taking a nosegay from the lady's bosom.*]
I'll exchange this nosegay
For a song!

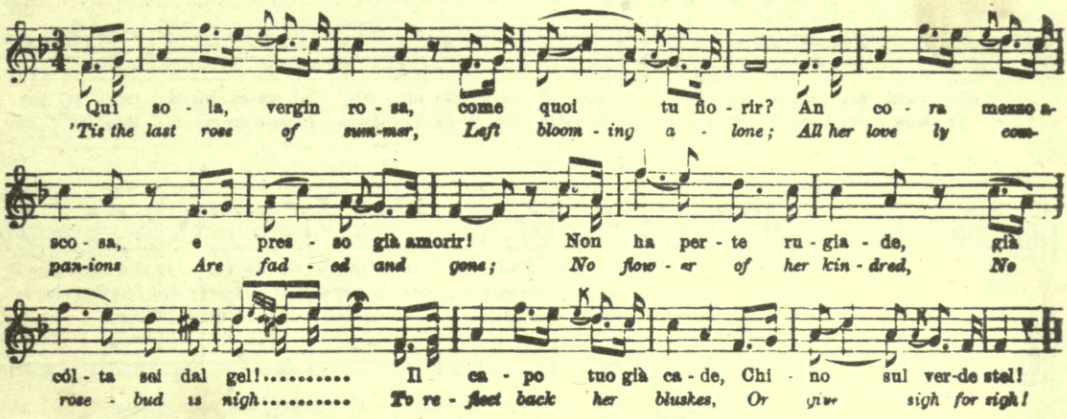
Lady. Ah, Sir, you jest!

Lio. 'Tis my will!

Lady. Your will!

Lio. Nay, I entreat you.

Lady. Ah! your entreaties I withstand not.

QUI SOLA VERGIN ROSA—'TIS THE LAST ROSE. LADY.

Quì so - la, vergin ro - sa, come quoi tu fio - rir? An co - ra messo a-
'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love ly com-
sco - sa, e pres - so già amorir! Non ha per - te ru - gia - de, già
pan-ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kin - dred, No
cól - ta sei dal gel!..... Il ca - po tuo già ca - de, Chi - no sul ver-de stel!
rose - bud is nigh..... To re - flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh!

Sola, così, ignorata
Languir nel tuo giardin,
Dal vento tormentata!—
Crudele è il tuo destin!
Sul cespite tremante
Ti colgo, giovin fior.
Sovra il mio core amante
Così morrai d'amor.

Lio. Marta!

Enr. Che?

Lio. Nell' alma mia,
Il tuo sguardo penetrò,
All' amore il cor s' aprìa,
Per te sola viver vo'.
Marta!

Enr. (Ciel!)

Lio. Dall' istante
Che ti vide—

Enr Tacete!

Lio. Marta!

Enr Cessate!

Lio. M'odi!

Enr. No!

Lio. Deh, m'odi!

Enr. No!

Lio. Resta ancor!
Se non vuoi che al più ti mora,
Non sprezzare quest' amor.

Enr Ciel, che veggo!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed—
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

Lio. Martha!

Lady. Master!

Lio. My lip confesseth
What hath liv'd within my heart
Ever since your eye smil'd coyly
To me on the Richmond mart.
Martha!

Lady. Let me!

Lio. From the moment
When I beheld you—

Lady. No further!

Lio. Martha!

Lady. Oh, cease thee!

Lio. Martha!

Lady. I go!

Lio. O stay thee!

Lady. I go—

Lio. Stay and hear me
Oh, accept in holy union
Here my hand, O be my wife!

Lady. God what hear I!

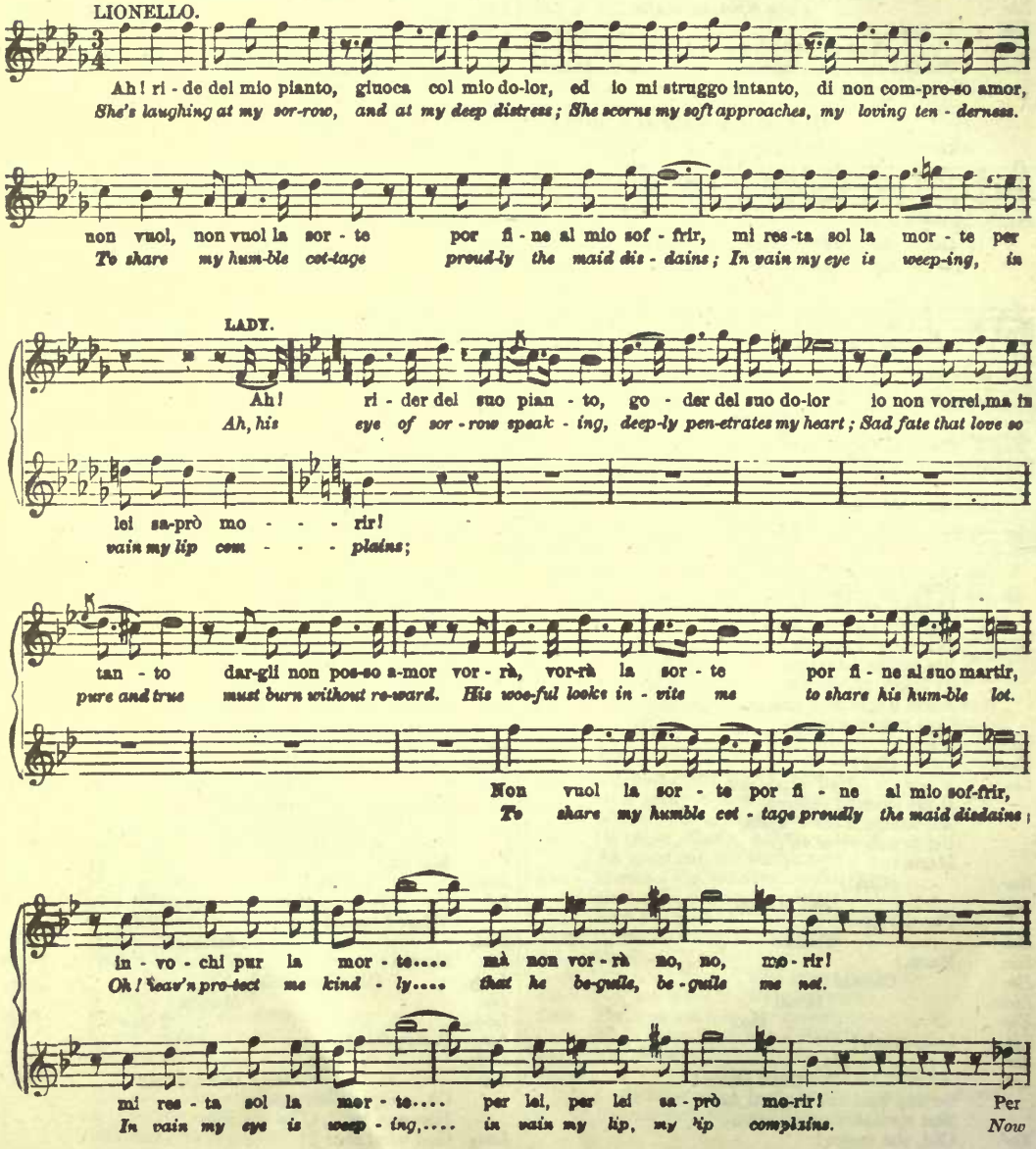
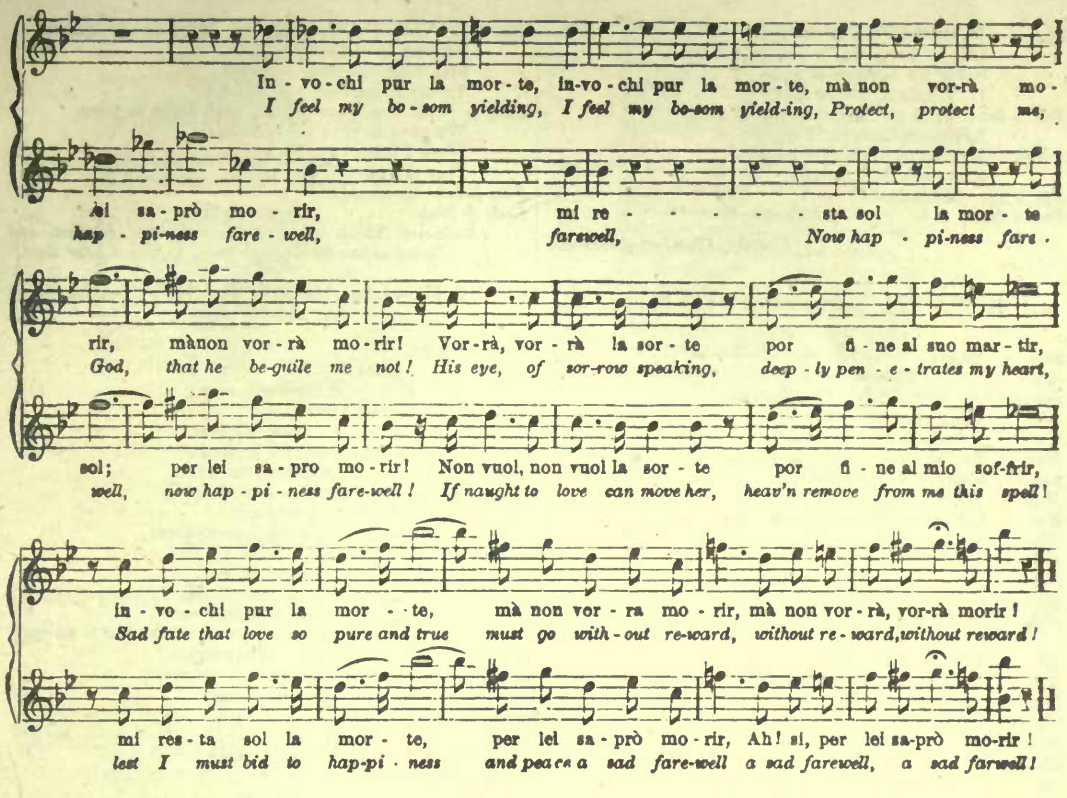
Lio. Si mi prostro!
Enr. Che mai fate!
Lio. Mi prostro innanzi a te!
Enr. Ciel! voi prostrato a me!
Ah! voi ridere mi fate,
Ah, perdon! ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lio. Sino a me t' innalza amore,
Non rammento chi sei tu.
Enr. (Sino a lui! L' ingenuo errore
Mi fa ridere anche più!)

Lio. See prostrate me—
Lady. Fearful passion
Lio. At thy feet I pray—
Lady. (How can I elude him?—)
Sir, I'm not unfeeling,
Yet I shall laugh to see you kneeling
Pardon me! ha, ha, ha, ha!
Lio. With our marriage at an ending
Is all difference of birth!
Lady. Pray excuse me, if offending,
But this does increase my mirth!

AH, RIDE DEL MIO PIANTO—SHE'S LAUGHING AT MY SORROW. LADY AND LIONEL.

LIONELLO.


Ah! ri - de del mio pianto, giuoca col mio do-lor, ed io mi struggo intanto, di non com-pre-so amor,
She's laughing at my sor-row, and at my deep distress; She scorns my soft approaches, my loving ten - derness.
non vuol, non vuol la sor - te por fi - ne al mio sof - frir, mi res-ta sol la mor - te per
To share my hum-ble cot-tage proud-ly the maid dis - dains; In vain my eye is weep-ing, in
LADY.
Ah! ri - der del suo pian - to, go - der del suo do-lor io non vorrei, ma in
Ah, his eye of sor - row speak - ing, deep-ly pen-etrates my heart; Sad fate that love so
lei sa-prò mo - - - rir!
vain my lip com - - - plains;
tan - to dar-gli non pos-so a-mor vor - rà, vor-rà la sor - te por fi - ne al suo martir,
pure and true must burn without re-ward. His woe-ful looks in - vite me to share his hum-ble lot.
Non vuol la sor - te por fi - ne al mio sof-frir,
To share my humble cot - tage proudly the maid disdains;
in - vo - chi pur la mor - te.... mà non vor - rà no, no, mo - rir!
Oh! heav'n pro-tect me kind - ly.... that he be-guile, be - guile me not.
mi res - ta sol la mor - te.... per lei, per lei sa - prò mo-rir! Per
In vain my eye is weep - ing,.... in vain my lip, my lip complains. Now

In - vo - chi pur la mor - te, in-vo - chi pur la mor - te, mà non vor-rà mo -
I feel my bo - som yielding, I feel my bo-som yield-ing, Protect, protect me,
sì sa - prò mo - rir, mi re - - - - - sta sol la mor - te
hap - pi-ness fare - well, farewell, Now hap - pi-ness fare -
rir, mànon vor - rà mo - rir! Vor - rà, vor - rà la sor - te por fi - ne al suo mar - tir,
God, that he be-guile me not! His eye, of sor-row speaking, deep - ly pen - e - trates my heart,
sol; per lei sa - pro mo - rir! Non vuol, non vuol la sor - te por fi - ne al mio sof-frir,
well, now hap - pi - ness fare-well! If naught to love can move her, heav'n remove from me this spell!
in - vo - chi pur la mor - te, mà non vor - ra mo - rir, mà non vor - rà, vor-rà morir!
Sad fate that love so pure and true must go with - out re-ward, without re - ward, without reward!
mi res - ta sol la mor - te, per lei sa - prò mo - rir, Ah! sì, per lei sa-prò mo-rir!
lest I must bid to hap-pi - ness and peace a sad fare-well a sad farewell, a sad farewell!

SCENA III.—Plunkett *inseguendo* Nancy; *i precedenti.*

Plu. T' ho raggiunta, sciagurata! [*A Lionello.*
Questa furia sai che fe'?
La stoviglia ha fracassata,
Tutto il vino mi perdè;
Ma in mia mano è capitata,
Or l' avrà da far con me!

Nan. Mi lasciate, se no il volto,
Ve l' aggiusto come va.

Plu. Per S. Giorgio! è forte molto!
Ma non deggio usar pietà.

Nan. Marta, Marta!

Plu. Che vi manca?
Ch' altro avete a domandar?
La pazienza già si stanca,
Vi potete ritirar. [*Suona mezzanotte.*

Plu. e Lio. Mezzanotte!

Ent. e Nan. Mezzanotte!

SCENE III.—*Enter* Nancy, *pulled in by* Plunkett.

Plu. Don't you try this game again, girl!
Where do you suppose she was?
In the kitchen was the vixen
Breaking bottles, glasses, dishes,
And a good deal have I suffer'd,
Till at last I caught the lass!

Nan. Let me go! Don't make me mad, Sir,
Or some scratching you will see!

Plu. [*Releasing her.*] By the prophets! she has spirit!
I confess, that pleases me!

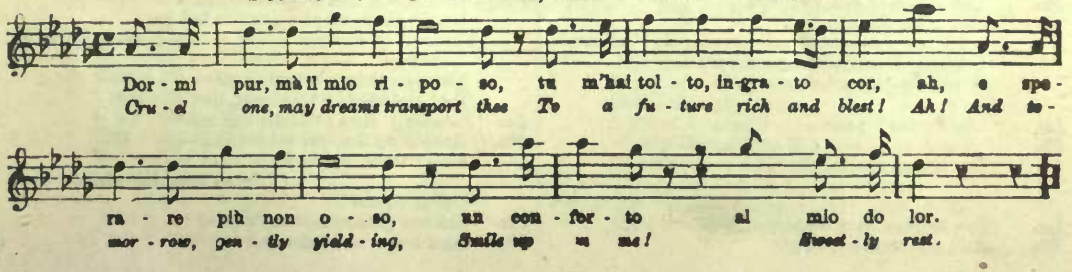
Nan. Martha, Martha!

Plu. Pooh! What's wrong with you now?
Standing as if thunder-struck!
Get yourselves to bed, ye idlers!
Off with you my saucy Puck!

Plu. & Lio. Midnight 't sounds!

Lady & Nan. Midnight t' sounds!

DORMI PUR—CRUEL ONE, MAY DREAMS. Lionel.


Dor - mi pur, mà il mio ri - po - so, tu m'hai tol - to, in-gra - to cor, ah, e spe -
Cru - el one, may dreams transport thee To a fu - ture rich and blest! Ah! And to -
ra - re più non o - so, un con - for - to al mio do lor.
mor - row, gen - tly yield - ing, Smile up - on me! Sweet - ly rest.

Plu. Dormi pur, ma la stoviglia
Che m' hai rotta, io piango ancor
Sei d' un demone la figlia,
Dall' inferno uscita fuor.
Enr. e Nan. (Del tormento che gli ho dato,
Io rimorso non ho il cor.
Un capriccio abbiam pagato
E la pena dura ancor!)
Plu. e Lio. Buonanotte!
Enr. e Nan. Buonanotte!

[*Lionello, Plunkett si ritirano.*

SCENA IV.—Lady Enrichetta e Nancy.

Enr. Nancy!
Nan. Ebbene?
Enr. Che facciamo.
Nan. Fuggiremo.
Enr. E bello a dir.
Nan. In che modo? dove andiamo?
Enr. Come fare per uscir?
Nan. Ah! che dì, che dì funesto!
Enr. Commettemmo un grave error.
Nan. Buona gente son del resto.
Enr. Franco è il labbro—
Nan. Schietto il cor.
Enr. Se il sapesse la regina!
Nan. Ah! ne tremo al sol pensiere!

Enr. Qual rumor? Chi s'avvicina!—
Nan. Una voce!—Un uomo è là.
Tri. [*A destro.*] Lady! Lady!
Enr. Tristan!
Nan. Come quà?
Enr. Oh! che viso! che figura!
E furente!

SCENA V.—Tristano, e detti.

Tri. Che vi par!
Una dama! mia cugina!
Nan. Nella camera vicina,
Dorme alcun.
Enr. Zitti! partiamo!
Tri. Ho lasciato la vettura
Poco lungi.

Nan. Ebbene, andiamo.
A. 3. Fuggiam presto,—andiamo via
Pria che desto—alcuno sia;
Quando lungi ne sarem,
Al villaggio addio direm. [*Partono.*

SCENA VI.—Plunkett, poi Lionello, in ultimo i *Contadini.*

Plu. Che susurro! che sventura
Non poter dormire!
[*S' ode il rumore d' una carrozza che s' allontana.*
O ciel! Il rumor d' una vettura.
A veder va un po', Lionel!

Lio. Che avvien? parla—
Plu. E non lo vedi?
Le ragazze son fuggite!

Lio. Son fuggir! lei che adoro!
Plu. Ah! per certo son fuggir-

Plu. [*To Nancy.*] Sleep thee well, and may thy temper
Sweeter in our service grow;
Still your sauciness is rather
To my liking—do you know?
Lady & Nan. Yes, good night! such night as never
We have liv'd to see before,
Were I but away, I'd never
Play the peasant any more.
Plu. & Lio. Good night!
Lady & Nan. Good night!
[*Lady and Nancy retire into their chamber, Plunkett and Lionel exeunt by the large door, locking it after them.*

SCENE IV.—Lady Harriet *and* Nancy, *coming out of their chamber again*

Lady. Nancy!
Nan. Lady!
Lady. What begin now?
Nan. What advise you?
Lady. You say first!
Nan. Dead of night, and no protector!
Lady. And lock'd in, which is the worst.
Nan. What a fatal day has prov'd this!
Lady. Fatal day, more fatal night!
Nan. Still—these folks are not unpleasant,
Lady. They are honest—
Nan. [*Archly.*] And polite.
Lady. If the Queen should hear of it!
Nan. What rich stock for courtiers' wit!
[*A noise is heard from outside, near the window to the right.*
Lady. What a noise this? What report?
Nan. Steps—a voice—there's succor near!
Tri. [*From outside.*] Cousin! Cousin!
Lady. Tristan!
Nan. 'Tis my lord!
Lady. He will scold—I well deserve it!
But he'll save us!

SCENE V.—Lady Harriet, Nancy; Tristan, *entering through the window.*

Tri. Yes! Here I am!
Cousin! You—in this vulgar habitation!
Nan. Hush thee! You'll wake all earth
With such loud talking!
Lady. Come, away!
Tri. Lest we should be heard and taken,
I have left my carriage waiting
At the corner.
Nan. Let us fly then!
Lady, Nan. & Tri. Fly in haste we, softly treading,
Night's her cov'ring mantle spreading;
Ere a bird heralds the day
Are we off and far away.
[*They depart through the window.*

SCENE VI.—Plunkett, *then* Lionel, *afterwards* Peasants.

Plu. Ho! this is downright dissipation!
I don't think they've gone to bed yet!
[*The noise of carriage wheels is heard flying off in the distance.*
List—a carriage—driving off—
Ha! the window! Lionel, ho!
Lio. [*Entering.*] Here! Didst call me?
Plu. Robb'd we are, yes robb'd and—
Stop! those servants!
[*Bursts open their chamber door.*
Off and gone!
Lio. She has gone, she,—my adored?
Plu. And I was so kind to her!

Lio. Ah! colei che avoro.
Non potrò più riveder!
Plu. Mà si deggiono punir
Inseguire le sapremo,
A noi deggiono obedir!
Chi garzoni presto! su!

Coro. Qual tumulto! qual fracasco.
Che vuol dir codesto chiasso?

Plu. Le due serve son fuggite!
Do una lira in guiderdone
A chi prender le saprà.
Coro. Una lira dà il padrone!
Plu. e Coro. Presto! tutti le inseguite;
Trascinate sieno qua,
Sien legate, sien punite,
Non vi sia per lor pietà.

[*Partono correndo.*

Lio. Go, give chase, for my sake, brother.
Give chase, hasten!
Plu. If not quite for your sake, yet
For the sake of law and order
Will I try to fetch them back!
Friends and neighbors! To assistance!
[*Rings the great door-bell vehemently.*
Peasants. [*Entering confusedly.*]
Tell, what frightful thing hath happen'd,
That from out our sleep you call us?
Plu. Our new servants have absconded,
And I'll give one pound sterling
To the man who brings them back!
Cho. One pound sterling he will give!
Plu. e Cho. Rest not till they're apprehended
Who their contract rashly broke!
Seek them out, the vile offenders,
And restore them to their yoke!

[*All depart hurriedly.*

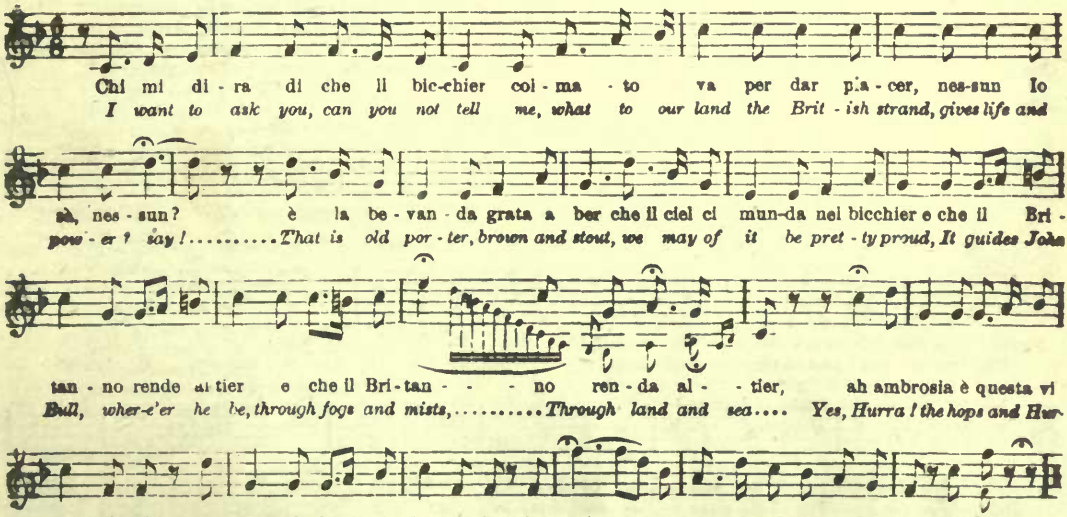
END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ATTO III.

SCENA I.—*Un' osteria.* PLUNKETT, *Contadini bevendo birra.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A forest. On the left a small inn.* PLUNKETT *and Farmers sitting at a table covered with jugs and mugs.*

CANZONE DEL PORTER—PORTER SONG. PLUNKETT.

Chi mi di - ra di che il bic-chier col - ma - to va per dar pia - cer, nes-sun Io
I want to ask you, can you not tell me, what to our land the Brit - ish strand, gives life and
sà, nes - sun? è la be - van - da grata a ber che il ciel ci mun-da nel bicchier e che il Bri -
pow - er? say!.....That is old por - ter, brown and stout, we may of it be pret - ty proud, It guides John
tan - no rende al tier e che il Bri - tan - - - no ren - da al - - tier, ah ambrosia è questa vi
Bull, wher-e'er he be, through fogs and mists,.....Through land and sea.... Yes, Hurra! the hops and Hur
va il bicchier, vi - va la birra mesciam da ber, hur - rà tra - la la la la la la la hurra!
rah the malt, They are life's fla - vor and life's salt. Hur - rah! they are life's fla-vor and life's salt, Hurrah

Plu. Di voi chi vuol sapere ancor
Bandir chi suo.—il nostro duol?
Ciascun io vuol, ciascun
E la bevanda—grata a ber,
Che il ciel ne manda—nel bicchier,
E che il britanno rende altier.

Plu. e Coro. Ambrosia è questa! Viva il bicchier.
Viva la birra!—Mesciam! da ber!
[*S' ode il corno dar il segnale di richiamo ai cacciatori.*

Plu. And that explaineth where'er it reigneth
Is joy and mirth! At ev'ry hearth
Resounds a joyous song!
Look at its goodly color here!
Where else can find you such good beer?
So brown and stout and healthy too!
The Porter's health I drink to you!
Plu. & Cho. Hurrah the hops and hurrah the malt,
They are life's flavor and life's salt! hurrah!

[*Horns sound to the chase.*

Coro. To'! il segnale della caccia.
Plu. Sì, mi parve di veder
La regina e i cavalier'
Del camoscio sulla traccia.
Coro. Alla caccia andiam pur noi
Plu. Pria si paghi, a caccia poi.

[*Partono.*

SCENA II.—*Dame in abito da caccia, indi* NANCY.

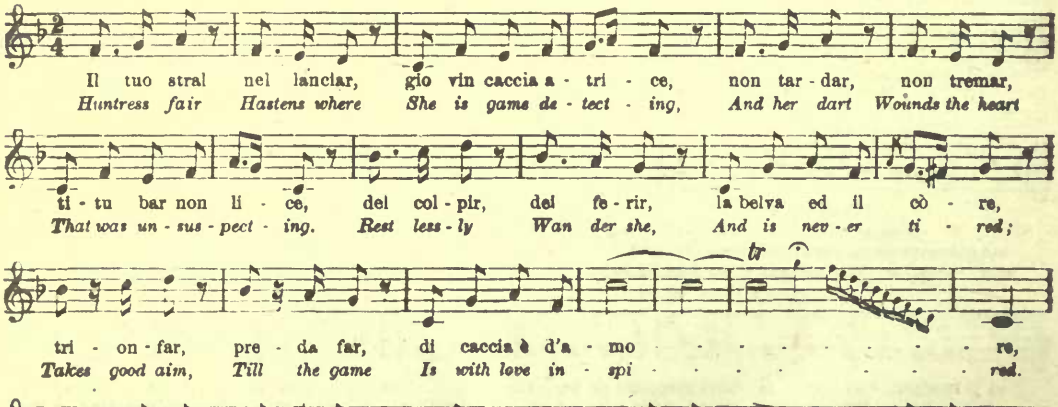
Coro. Anche noi del cacciator
Abbiamo l'ardor
E il nobil cor,
Anche noi chiama il segnal
E il colpo mortal
Sfuggir non val.
Ed invano ei va, contano,
L'agil piè, la pronta mano,
Lo raggiunge, lo colpisce,
Lo ferisce vinto egli
E dalla caccia dell' amor;
Vi guardate, o cacciator.

Nan. (Esser mesto il mio cor non sapria
La tristezza non nacque per me;
Il sospiro non so cosa sia
Sospirar a vent' anni! E perchè?
Pure io sento una voce nel cor
Che vuoi dal cor
Voce d'amor?
La vita è un fiore
L'olezzo è amor—
Sospirare si può per amor!)
[*Le Dame le si avvicinano, e ripetono il Coro.*
Coro. Anche noi del cacciator, etc.

Cho. Hark! the merry horns resounding!
Plu. Yes, the Queen she hunts to-day
With her ladies, light and gay,
Through this forest, game abounding
Cho. To the chase invites their playing!
Plu. Go then, while mine host I'm paying!
[*Exeunt Chorus to the right—Plunkett goes into the inn*

SCENE II.—*Enter Huntresses, afterwards* NANCY.

Cho. Ladies we—with hunter's glee
Are chasing a game—
Tra, la, la, la!
Cunningly and stealthily,
And deadly our aim.
Ha, la, la, lee!
Our brave huntsmen are the game
We smartly pursue daily anew!
By our eyes they're hit and laid
With arrows fleet low at our feet.
Now we awe them and subdue them,
Now we coax them and allure them,
Now pursue them to the nets,
Till in the snare the poor thing frets:
That's our sport and our delight.
Nan. My heart knows not
What it is to be melancholy;
Sadness was never made for me;
Of sighing I know nothing!—
Why should one sigh at twenty?—
Yet I hear a voice whispering within!
What wouldst thou with my heart
Thou voice of love?
Life is a flower, and love is its perfume!
Yes, one may sigh, if it be for love.
[*The Ladies advance and repeat the Chorus*
Cho. Ladies we, &c.

IL TUO STRAL—HUNTRESS FAIR. NANCY.

Il tuo stral nel lanciar, già vin caccia a - tri - ce, non tar - dar, non tremar,
Huntress fair Hastens where She is game de - tect - ing, And her dart Wounds the heart
ti - tu bar non li - ce, del col - pir, del fe - rir, la belva ed il cò - re,
That was un - sus - pect - ing. Rest less - ly Wan der she, And is nev - er ti - red;
tr
tri - on - far, pre - da far, di caccia è d'a - mo - re,
Takes good aim, Till the game Is with love in - spi - red.
è l'amor un cac-cia - tor, il suo stral sa lanciar; mà se impiaga, sà quel duol al - leg-giar.
Cu-pid like a rogue he is Shot the dart did not miss, Cu-pid, like a rogue Shot the dart did not miss

Nè mortal—è il suo stral,
La piaga è leggera;
Colpo tal—non fa mal;
Nel soffre chi spera.
Nel ferir—sa guarir.
Non toglie la vita

From her dart—is the heart
Always sorely bleeding;
Then she heals—for she feels
It is comfort needing.
What a look—from him took
Has a look restored:

Sa sopir—sa tenir
La dolce ferita.

SCENA III.—PLUMKETT, *le Precedenti.—Plumkett, nel veder le donne, si arresta in fondo.*

Plu. Buona caccia c' è da far,
Una o due ne vo' acchiappar.
Nan. [*Guardando intorno.*]
Dov' è andata la Contessa?
Sola sola se ne sta
Nè contento—v' ha per essa
Da quel dì da, quel momento
Che l'amico! udite quà!
Plu. Betsy! alla caccia che fai quà!
Nan. Ehi l'amico!
Plu. Amico nicute affatto!
Lo sceriffo saprà darti
Lo lezion! Di qui non parti!
Nan Fate orror.
Plu. Tornar dovrai
A servirmi.
Nan Che! a servir!
Plu. Sì, ribalda.
Nan. Or or vedrai!
[*Additandolo alle amiche.*
Una belva, amiche, è qua
Buona caccia si farà.
[*Tutte le Donne lo circondano, minacciose.*
Coro. Capitasti in nostra mano,
Di fuggire tenti invano?
Meta sia dei nostri dardi;
Non si tardi,—dee morir.
Plu. Piano, piano! che mai fate
Aspettate—non tirate—
Sento già le loro lance
Che mi sfiorano le guance—
Per San Giorgio e Belzebù,
Belle mie, quell' armi giù.
Coro. Meta sia dei nostri dardi,
Non si tardi—dee morir!
[*Fugge. Le Cacciatrici lo inseguono.*

SCENA IV.—LIONELLO, *pallido e come trasognato.*

Leo. "Dal cespite tremante
Ti colgo, o giovin fior
Sovra il mio core amante
Così morrai d' amor!"
Ove son io! Lo sento!—A lei vicino!
Arbitra omai si fè del mio destino.
Sfolgorante la veggio
Del suo celeste e virginal sorriso
Che mi cangia lo terra in paradiso!

Gone is pain—and again
Mounts it where it soared.

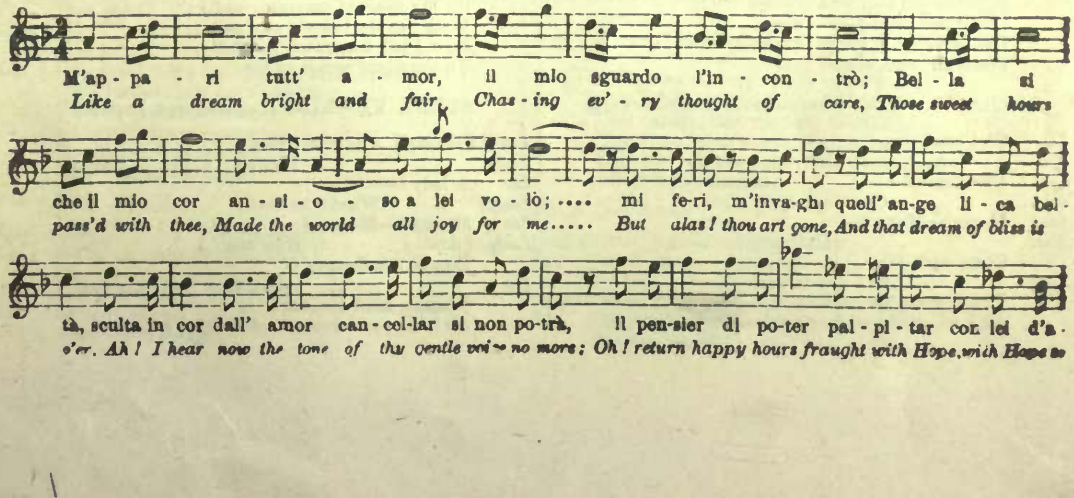
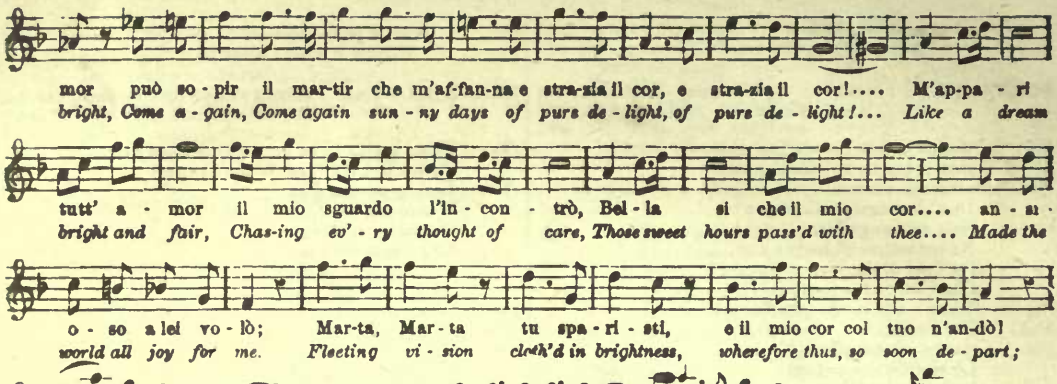
SCENE III.—*Enter* PLUNKETT, *at back.—Seeing the Ladies, he stops.*

Plu. There seems to be good game afoot here;
I'll see if I can't catch one or two!
Nan. [*Looking around.*]
Where can the Countess be?
She seeks solitude,
And seems very unhappy,
And has been so ever since—
My good friend, can you tell me—
Plu. What, Julia, in huntress' gear?
Nan. Well, my friend?
Plu. I am not your friend.
You wait! I'll make you pay
For your headlong running away!
Nan. You are mad!
Plu. Fibs are of no use;
Come home with me!
Nan. Help! Assistance!
Plu. What wickedness!
Nan. What impudence!
[*The Ladies re-enter.*
Here's a game for you, my ladies!
Let's see how he will like your spears!
[*All the Ladies surround Plunkett, threatening him.*
Cho. You have fallen into our hands,
You will vainly attempt to fly;—
Let him feel the keen points of our weapons;
Let him prepare to die!
Plu. Gently, gently—hold!
Hold your hands—
I already feel the points of their weapons!
By St. George and Beelzebub,
Fair dames, ground your arms!
[*He rushes off hastily.*
Cho. Let him feel the points of our lances;
Let him die without delay!
[*They rush after him in pursuit.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* LIONEL, *pale and dejected.*

Lio. "I will detach thee
From thy frail trembling stem,
And place thee on my heart;
There shalt thou die, sweet flower!"
Where am I? I feel that I am near her!
She who has become the arbitress of my destiny!
All brilliant now I see her,
With her beautiful virginal smile,
Which, for me, changed earth into Heaven!

M'APPARI—LIKE A DREAM. LIONEL.


M'ap - pa - ri tutt' a - mor, il mio sguardo l'in - con - trò; Bel - la si
Like a dream bright and fair, Chas - ing ev' - ry thought of care, Those sweet hours
che il mio cor an - si - o - so a lei vo - lò; .... mi fe-ri, m'inva-ghì quell' an-ge li - ca bel-
pass'd with thee, Made the world all joy for me..... But alas! thou art gone, And that dream of bliss is
tà, scolta in cor dall' amor can - cel-lar si non po-trà, il pen-sier di po-ter pal - pi - tar con lei d'a -
o'er. Ah! I hear now the tone of thy gentle voice no more; Oh! return happy hours fraught with Hope, with Hope so

mor può so - pir il mar-tir che m'af-fan-na e stra-zia il cor, e stra-zia il cor!.... M'ap-pa - ri
bright, Come a - gain, Come again sun - ny days of pure de - light, of pure de - light!... Like a dream
tutt' a - mor il mio sguardo l'in - con - trò, Bel - la si che il mio cor.... an - si -
bright and fair, Chas-ing ev' - ry thought of care, Those sweet hours pass'd with thee.... Made the
o - so a lei vo - lò; Mar-ta, Mar - ta tu spa - ri - sti, e il mio cor col tuo n'an-dò!
world all joy for me. Fleeting vi - sion cloth'd in brightness, wherefore thus, so soon de - part;
tu la pa-ce mi ra - pi - sti, di do-lor io mo - ri - rò, ah, di do-lor mor-ro, sì, mor-rò!
O'er my pathway shed thy lightness once again, and glad my heart, Once again and glad my heart, yes glad my heart.

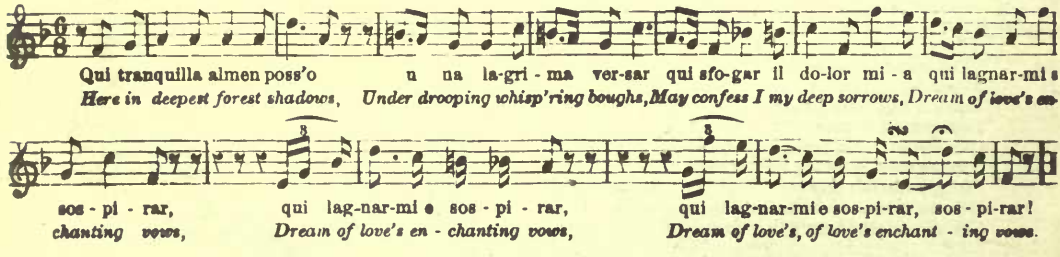
SCENA V.—Sir Tristano, Lady Enrichetta.

Tri. Le dame lungi son. Perchè, cugina,
Lasciaste la Regina?
Enr. Per restar sola.
Tri Meco?
Enr. Con voi?—Sola
O con voi val lo stesso
Mesta son sempre, e sempre ho il core oppresso.
Tri. Che mai dite?
Enr. Un' arcana
Mestizia è in me.
Tri. Ma sola in questo loco
Enr. Lo voglio. Addio!
Tri. Ritornerò fra poco. [*Via.*

SCENE V.—Sir Tristan *and* Lady Harriet.

Tri. The ladies are far away. Why, cousin,
Have you left the Queen's side?
Lady. To remain alone.
Tri. With me?
Lady. With you?—
Alone or with you 'tis just the same.
I am melancholy; my heart is ever sad
Tri. What say you?
Lady. And this sadness
Is a mystery even to myself.
Tri. But to remain alone in this secluded spot-
Lady. I wish it. Adieu!
Tri. I will soon return [*Exit*

QUI TRANQUILLA ALMEN—HERE IN DEEPEST FOREST. Lady.


Qui tranquilla almen poss'o u na la-gri - ma ver-sar qui sfo-gar il do-lor mi - a qui lagnar-mi s
Here in deepest forest shadows, Under drooping whisp'ring boughs, May confess I my deep sorrows, Dream of love's en-
sos - pi - rar, qui lag-nar-mi e sos - pi - rar, qui lag-nar-mi e sos-pi-rar, sos - pi-rar!
chanting vows, Dream of love's en - chanting vows, Dream of love's, of love's enchant - ing vows.

Sguardo qui non v'ha profano
Che il mio duol possa spiar,
Del mio core il mesto arcano
Posso all' aura almen fidar.

SCENA VI.—Lady Enrichetta, *poi* Lionello.

Lio. Oh! qual voce!—
Enr. Ciel! che vedo?
Lio. Una dama!—
Enr. Che! egli qui!
Lio. Marta!—Marta!—
Enr. (Dal periglio
Come uscir?)
Lio. Ah! quì tornasti!
Ti con grato amico ciel.
Ah! sei tu che mi lasciasti!—

Oh my heart is mourning sadly!
Were but the belov'd one nigh!
Now I left the crowd sorrowfully,
To the silent woods to hie.

SCENE VI.—Lady Harriet *and* Lionel.

Lio. [*Entering.*] Ah! that voice!
Lady. Heaven! whom do I see?
Lio. A lady!—
Lady. What! he here!
Lio. Martha!—Martha!
Lady. [*Aside.*] How shall I
Escape this danger?
Lio. Ah! thou hast returned!
Thanks, kind Heaven!
Ah! 'tis you—you who fled from me!—

Enr (Qual cimento!)
Lio. Più che il ciglio
Il mio cor ti ravvisò.
Enr. Ravvisarvi! Erraste.
Lio. No
Il tuo volto, il tuo bel volto
E scolpito nel mio cor.
La tua voce, Marta, ascolto
Non son gioco d' un error
Enr. Sognerà!—
Lio Se un sogno è il mio
Deh! nen farmi ridestar!
Ah! sognar così vogl' io,
Sì bel sonno non turbar.
Enr Via di quì.
Lio. No, no: sognando,
La tua mano prenderò,
Ed un bacio ad essa dando,
L' amor mio ti svelerò. [*La bacia in mano.*
Enr Ah! siffatta impertinenza
Tollerar non posso più!
Lio. Perchè tanta sconoscenza?
Enr. Via villan!—tacer vuoi tu?—
Lio. Io villan!—son tuo padrone;
La dolcezza spiace a te,
T' ho parlato con le buone,
Or venir tu dei con me.
Enr. A me, Tristano! [*Chiamando.*

SCENA VII.—SIR TRISTANO, *I Precedenti, poi Tutti.*

Tri. [*Arrivando.*] Che v' atterrisce?
Enr Soccorso! aita!
Tri. Chi tanto ardisce!
Lio. Milord, costei è serva mia;
Di trarla via—diritto è in me.
Tri. Più sfrontata oltra cotanza
Chi mai vide! Io fremo in cor
Tanto ardir ogni altro avanza,
Accorrete quì signor'! [*Chiamando gli Amici.*
Coro. [*Arrivando.*] Qual audacia! ed un villano
D' insultarci avea l' ardir!
Uno scandalo sì strano
Affrettiamoci a punir.
Lio. Tant' audacia mi sorprende,
Ma ti seppi ravvisar.
Più nessun me la riprende,
Dovrà meco ritornar—
Enr. Qual tormento! qual affanno
Un piacer dovrò scontar!—
Di me ridere dovranno
Che rispondere!—che far!—
Plu. Donde vien tanto rumore?
Lio. Mi difendi!
Nan [*Arrivando.*] Che mai fu!
Plu. Essa pur!
Nan. Fatevi core,
O milady.
Lio. [*Alla parola "Milady."*] Ah! tutto or sa
Quel candor, quel caro accento
Un capriccio eran crudel,
Un crudel divertimento!—
E tu il soffri, giusto ciel!
Tri. Arrestate questo matto.
Plu. e Lio. Arrestato!
Nan. e Enr. (Qual martir!)
Lio. Ma se un patto—è stato fatto
Da costei!
Enr. [*Sotto voce a Lionello.*] Pietà! no' l d'r!
Lio. La caparra essa accettò.
A servire sì obbligò

Lady. [*Aside.*] What a trial!
Lio. Before mine eyes behold thee
My heart recognized thee!
Lady. Recognized me! you are mistaken.
Lio No.
Those features, those lovely features,
Are graven on my heart!
It is thy voice, Martha, which I hear;
I am not the victim of an error.
Lady. You are dreaming!—
Lio. If it be a dream,
Oh! let me not awake from it!
Ah! I would still dream thus;—
Disturb not so sweet a slumber.
Lady. Hence, away!
Lio. No, no: in my dream
Let me take thy hand,
And imprint a kiss upon it,
To express the love I feel. [*He kisses her hand*
Lady. Ah! I can no longer tolerate
Such gross impertinence!
Lio. Wherefore this pretence of ignorance?
Lady. Hence, peasant, and be silent!
Lio. I a peasant!—I am your master;
Mildness is lost upon you;—
I have hitherto spoken to you with amenity
But now I command that you come with me!
Lady. Help, Tristan! [*Calling.*

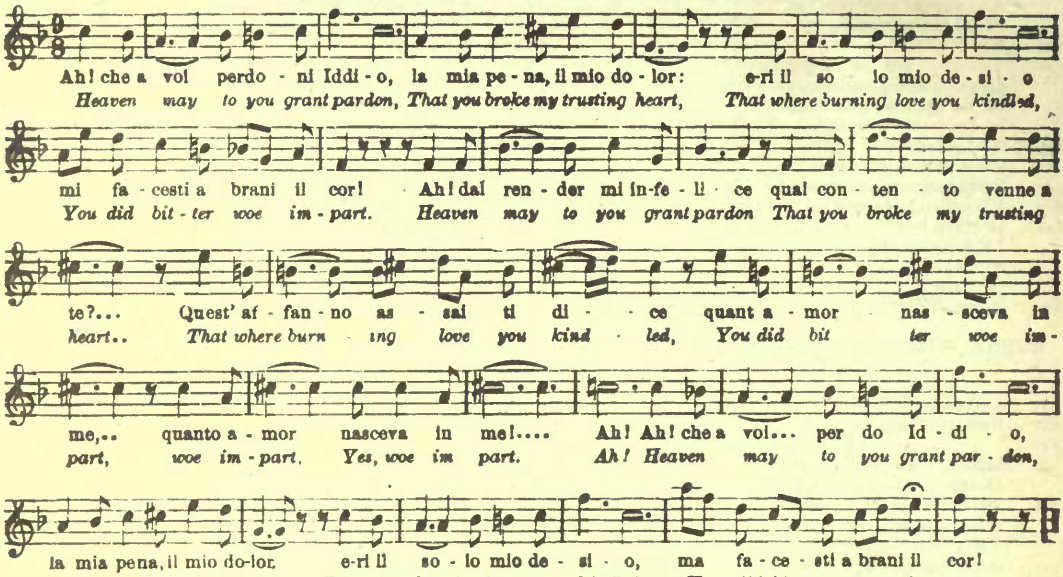
SCENE VII.—*Enter* SIR TRISTAN, *afterwards* [illegible] *by all.*

Tri. [*Rushing on.*] What has alarmed you?
Lady. Help me! aid me!
Tri. Who dares to—
Lio. My lord, this is my servant,
And I have a right to take her hence.
Tri. Was there ever such brazen impudence?
It fairly makes me shudder.
It is most unheard-of audacity!
This way—hither, sirs! [*Calling his Friends*
Cho. [*Entering.*] What audacity!
A peasant dare to insult you!
Let so scandalous an outrage
Be punished without delay.
Lio. Such audacity!—I'm astonished!
But I recognized you at once.
No one shall dare to take her from me,
She shall return with me.
Lady. What torture! what an embroilment!
I am paying dearly for a few moments' pleasure!
They will laugh at me!
What shall I reply?—what shall I do?
Plu. [*Entering.*] Whence comes all this noise?
Lio. Defend me!
Nan. [*Entering.*] What is the matter?
Plu. She, too!
Nan. Keep up your courage, my lady.

Lio. [*Overhearing the words "My lady."*] Ah!
Now I comprehend all:—
That candor, that winning affability,
Was naught but a cruel jest, a heartless joke!
Ah! just Heaven, canst thou permit this?
Tri. Arrest that madman!
Plu. & Lio. Arrest him! me!
Lady & Nan. [*Aside.*] What torture!
Lio. But if an engagement has been made
By her—
Lady. [*Aside, to Lionel.*] For mercy's sake, be silent
Lio. She accepted the earnest money;
She has bound herself to serve me.

Core. Ah! ah! ah! rider ci fa ·
Enr Per costui parla dovria,
La clemenza, la pietà;
La ragione lo tradia,
Ma delitto in lui non v' ha.
Leo. Qual infamia!—
Nan. (Poverino!)
Plu. [*A Leo.*] Stammi a udir.
Tri. [*A Plu.*] Va via di qua.

Cho. Ha! ha! 'tis laughable!
Lady. Let him be treated with clemency
He demands our pity;
He has evidently lost his senses,
But he is not knowingly culpable.
Lio. Oh! 'tis infamous!
Nan. [*Aside.*] Poor fellow!
Plu. [*To Lionel.*] Hear me one moment—
Tri. Away with you!

AH! CHE A VOI—HEAVEN MAY TO YOU. LIONEL.

Ah! che a voi perdo - ni Iddi - o, la mia pe - na, il mio do - lor: e-ri il so lo mio de - si - o
Heaven may to you grant pardon, That you broke my trusting heart, That where burning love you kindled,
mi fa - cesti a brani il cor! Ah! dal ren - der mi in-fe - li - ce qual con - ten - to venne a
You did bit - ter woe im - part. Heaven may to you grant pardon That you broke my trusting
te?... Quest' af - fan - no as - sai ti di - - ce quant a - mor nas - sceva in
heart.. That where burn - ing love you kind - led, You did bit ter woe im -
me,.. quanto a - mor nasceva in me!.... Ah! Ah! che a voi... per do Id - di - o,
part, woe im - part. Yes, woe im part. Ah! Heaven may to you grant par - don,
la mia pena, il mio do-lor e-ri il so - lo mio de - si - o, ma fa - ce - sti a brani il cor!
That you broke my trusting heart, That where burning love you kindled, You did bit - ter woe im - part.

Gli Altri. Ah! che a { me / voi } perdoni Iddio.
La sua pena, il suo dolor,
{ Ero / Foste } il solo suo desio,
Gli facester { a brani il cor / Io gli feci }
Ah! dal renderlo infelice,
Qual contento { potea trar / si può trar! }
Il suo pianto assai { mi / vi } dice,
Che il meschin { vi / mi } seppe amar.
Tri. (Del capriccio ella s'avvede,
Il consiglio disprezzò,
Ripararlo invano chiede
Il suo duol mi vendicò!)
Cor. Affrettiamo la sua pena,
Sia punito l' impostor,
Durò troppo questa scena,
Si ritorni a caccia ancor! [*S' ode la tromba.*
E la Regina che qui s'avanza.
Lio Con lei ritorna la mia speranza.
[*Si toglie dal dito l' anello, e lo dà a Plunkett*
Quest' anel del padre dono
Teco prendi, e sai perchè—
Non mi credo in abbandono,
Se quel pegno resta a me!

The others. Ah! may Heaven pardon { me. / you. }
For the grief and misery inflicted on him
{ I was / You were } his only hope,
And { I / you } have broken his heart!
Alas! what have { I / you } gained
By rendering him unhappy?
Let his present anguish tell
Tell how much he loved { me! / you! }

Tri. [*Aside.*] She now sees the folly of her caprice,
She despised my counsels,
And now vainly attempts to repair her error.
By her grief I am avenged!
Cho. Let us quickly punish the impostor,
This has already been endured too long!
Hasten we back to the chase!
[*Trumpets are heard*
The Queen is approaching this way.
Lio. And with her my hopes revive!
[*Takes a ring from his finger, and gives it to Plunkett*
Take this ring which my father gave me,
Thou knowest for what purpose;—
I will not believe myself utterly abandoned
As long as this gage remains!

Coro. di Donne. Dal ciglion della collina,
Giù nel vallon,
Ci chiama il suon.
Ecco il sol che già dechina,
Ma corre ancor
Il cacciator.
Gli Uomini. Del camosico abbiam la traccia!
Proseguita sia la caccia
Sulle balze, nel vallon,
Tra le macchie e nel burron.
[*Lionello è condotto via;—i Cacciatori si disperdono.*

Cho. of Ladies. [*Entering.*]
From the summit of the hill,
And the neighboring valley,
The trumpets recall us to the chase.
The sun is already declining,
But the bold hunter still continues the pursuit.
Cho. of Men. We are on the track of the stag!
Pursue him, over the hill
And through the valley,
In the wood and through the ravine!
[*Lionel is taken away.—The Hunters disperse*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ATTO IV.

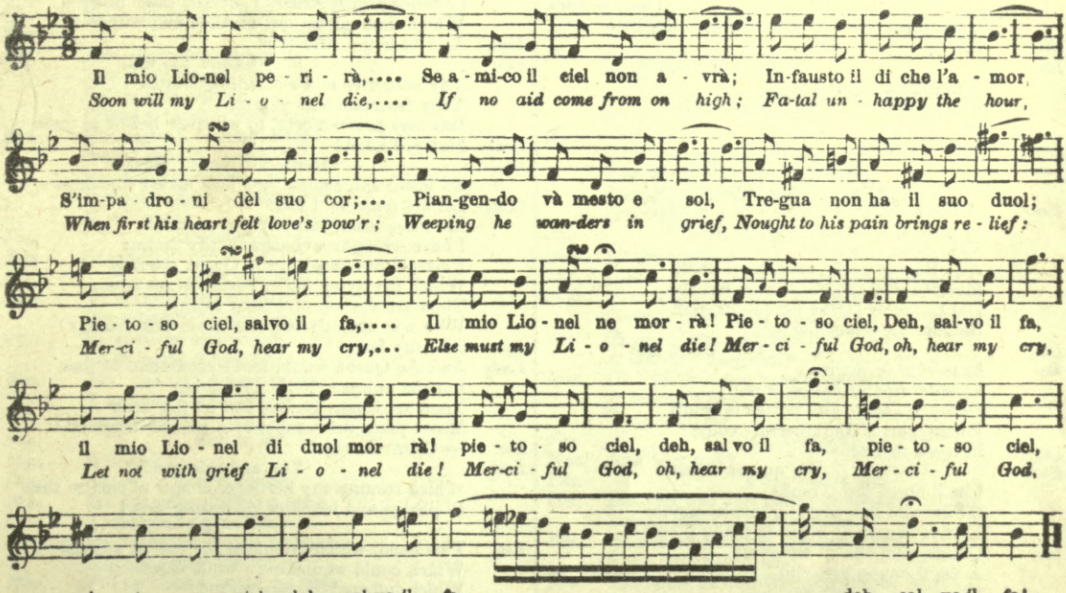
SCENA I.—*Interno della Fattoria di Plumkett, come nel Secondo Atto.*—PLUMKETT, *solo.*

Povero Lionel! geme, sospira,
Fugge l'amico suo, d'amor delira—
Momento maledetto,
Che sotto il nostro tetto
Fu quella donna accolta,
Che Marta ei vide per la prima volta!

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Interior of Plunkett's Farm-house, as in Second Act.*—PLUNKETT *discovered, alone.*

Plu. Poor Lionel! he sighs, he laments
He flies from his friend;
He is beside himself with love
Accursed be the hour
When first we saw that girl,
When first we brought her beneath our roof!

IL MIO LIONEL PERIRA—SOON WILL MY LIONEL DIE. PLUMKETT

Il mio Lio-nel pe - ri - rà,.... Se a - mi-co il ciel non a - vrà; In-fausto il dì che l'a - mor
Soon will my Li - o - nel die,.... If no aid come from on high; Fa-tal un - happy the hour,
S'im-pa - dro - ni dèl suo cor;... Pian-gen-do và mesto e sol, Tre-gua non ha il suo duol;
When first his heart felt love's pow'r; Weeping he wan-ders in grief, Nought to his pain brings re - lief:
Pie - to - so ciel, salvo il fa,.... Il mio Lio - nel ne mor - rà! Pie - to - so ciel, Deh, sal-vo il fa,
Mer-ci - ful God, hear my cry,... Else must my Li - o - nel die! Mer - ci - ful God, oh, hear my cry,
il mio Lio - nel di duol mor rà! pie - to - so ciel, deh, sal vo il fa, pie - to - so ciel,
Let not with grief Li - o - nel die! Mer-ci - ful God, oh, hear my cry, Mer - ci - ful God,
pie - to - so ciel, deh, sal vo il fa,..... deh sal - vo il fa!
mer - ci - ful God, Oh! hear my cry,..... oh, hear my cry

Spiegar non so se amor
Furtivo entrò nel mio cor;
So che a Nancy penso ognor,
Soffrir così deggio ancor.
Se questo è amor non lo sò
Se dee durar ne morrò!

Say is this love's hidden fire
That doth my bosom inspire?
Nancy my thoughts do pursue,
Say, must I suffer then too?
If this be love who can tell!
Must I then yield to its spell?

Le parlero, dirle vuo
Ti sposerò, e il farò!
Accettera, non dirà no,
Se m'amera, la sposero.

SCENA II.—Lady Enrichetta, Nancy, Plunkett.

Plu. Eccole entrambe!
Enr Amico, vi desio.
Nancy, il disegno mio
Noto vi fece. Vo' salvar Lionello.
Plu. V' ascolti il ciel!
Enr. Lasciatemi brev' ora
[*Pl. e Nancy partono.*
Proviamo se il mio canto
Vale ad oprar su lui l'usato incanto.
Già l'April—fa ritorno
Cinto il crin—d' erbe e fior!
Più gentil—ride il giorno,
Manda il sol—più splendor!
Covre il suol—verde ammanto,
Ride il fior—sul suo stel,
L'usignuol—dolce canto
Tutt' amor—manda al ciel.

SCENA III.—Lionello *e* Detta.

Leo. Ciel! la sua voce!
Enr. Lionello!
Leo. Ah! vuoi!
Ch' io mora, o traditrice!
Sirena iniqua, cessa il canto omai,
O morte con quel canto a me darai
[*Getta il fiore.*
Mira, il fior che mi dèsti, è al suol sfogliato.
Enr Ah! m' odi, m' odi—
Leo. Il so, la tua parola
Seduce, ammalia, incanta,
Fascinatrice ell' è, ma insiem fatale!
Per chi l' ode è mortale.
Enr. Pietà, Lionel!
Leo. Pietà, per te! Giammai!
Tu che l'onta al dispregio unir potesti!
Enr Il mio rimorso, il pianto mio t' arresti!
Io cangiai la tua sorte, il tuo destino.
Volli recar io stessa
Alla Regina quell' anel che il padre
Morente a te lasciò. Tu sei figliuolo
Del Conte di Derby da questo suolo
Bandito ingustamente!—
Leo Oh! padre mio!
Enr. In te vuol la Regina
L' esilio riparar del genitore
Derby voi siete, alta portar la fronte
Potete, pari d' Inghilterra e conte!
Leo. Io conte di Derby!
Enr. Sì, questa mano,
Che il nome tuo ti rende,
S'offre alla tua, pegno d' eterno amore—
Derby, l'accetta; e con la mano il core!
Leo. Questa man che d' amarezza,
A me il nappo presentò,
Che ferisce se carezza,
Che m'offese e m' oltraggiò,
Questa man che disonora,
Che la tomba mi scavò,
Tu d'offrirla ardisci ancora!—
[*Con forza.*] Questa manc—io non la vò.
Enr Dio possente!
Leo Odio mortale!
Era l' astro dell' amor,
Per lei dato avrei la vita.

Let me then tell her I love
Pity her bosom shall move,
She'll not reject my proffered love,
Mine earnest pray'r her soul will move

SCENE II.—*Enter* Harriet *and* Nancy.

Plu. Here they both come!
Lady. My friend, I wish to see you
Nancy has made you acquainted with my design
We will save Lionel!
Plu. May Heaven grant it!
Lady. Leave me for a short time.
[*Exit Nancy and Plunkett*
Let me try if my song will not make
The same impression on him that it formerly did.
April returns, crowned [*Sings*
With verdure and with flowers!
More bright appears the day,—
More brilliantly shines the sun!
The earth is clothed with green;
The flowers sit smiling on their stems,
And the nightingale pours forth to Heaven
Her sweet song of love.

SCENE III.—*Enter* Lionel.

Leo. Heaven! 'tis her voice!
Lady. Lionel!
Leo. Ah!
You wish that I should die, traitress!
Iniquitous syren, cease that song,
Which brings me naught but misery and death.
[*Throwing away flowers.*] Behold these flowers
Which thou gavest me, crushed and withered!
Lady. Ah! hear me, hear me!
Leo. I know too well
Thy seductive and enchanting words.
They fascinate and charm,
But they prove mortal to whoever listens to them.
Lady. Mercy, Lionel!
Leo. Mercy for thee! Never!
To insult and shame thou hast added contempt.
Lady. Let the remorse I feel,
Let these tears, stay thy reproaches!
I have wrought a change in thy destiny:
I myself presented to the Queen the ring
Which thy dying father bestowed on thee.
Thou are the son of Count Derby,
Who was unjustly banished from this country!
Leo. Oh! my father!
Lady. And the Queen would make reparation to thee,
For the unjust exile of thy parent.
Thou art Count Derby, and on thy brow
Mayst place the coronet of a peer of England!
Leo. I—Count Derby!
Lady. Yes, and this hand,
Which restores thy heritage, is now offered to thee,
In pledge and token of unceasing love!

Leo. This hand, which presented the cup of anguish—
Which could wound even while caressing—
Which inflicted outrage on me,
Which brought me dishonor,
And which has prepared for me a tomb,—
Dost thou dare to offer it!
[*With energy.*] Such a hand—I refuse it!

Lady. Heavenly powers!
Leo. With mortal hatred!
This woman was my bright star of love;
For her I would have given my life;

Ogni gioia m' ha rapita,
Oggi è l' astro del dolor!
Enr. Mi leggi in core—pentita in vono,
Uniti insiem—esser dovrem.
Mi dia l' amore—il tuo perdono,
Tu puoi, Lionel,—schiudermi il ciel!
Ah! ti piega al mio dolor—
Lio. Va t' invola al mio furor!
Enr. Per pietà, mi rendi il cor.
Lio Odio eterno avrò nel cor. [*Lionello parte.*

SCENA IV.—Lady Enrichetta, Nancy, Plunkett.

Nan. Ebbene, milady!
Plu. Egli s' invola.
L' odio, il furor—porta nel cor.
(Prima miladi sola era altera
Oggi, Lionello, più altero è ancor.)
Enr Ah! non più—si tenti ancora!
Or, amico, io spero in te!
Sì, colui che il core adora,
Dee tornare a questo piè. [*Parte.*

SCENA V.—Plunkett e Nancy.

Nan. e Plu. Lo so bene! ma che fare!
Plu. Lo sai tu? no? nemmen io.
Nan. D' appagare il suo desio
Ambedue dobbiam cercare,
Finche il nuovo tuo signor,
Abbandona il suo rigor.
Plu. Sì, ma poi!—
Nan. Ma poi? poi che?
Plu. Sto in impaccio ancor.
Nan. Perchè?
Plu. Solo allor restar degg' io,
Nell' umil tugurio mio,
Nel deserto casolar,
Presso il fuoco a sospirar.
Nan. Hai ragione, è tristo assai!
Starne solo tù dovrai,
Nel deserto casolar
Presso al fuoco a sospirar.
E crudele!
Plu. Fa pietà!
Nan Sì potria—
Plu. (Che mai dirà!)
Nan. Vi bisogna una sposina—
Consultate il vostro cor.
Plu. Sì, conosco una vicina,
La figlinola del fattor.
Nan. Ah! davver! vostra vicina
E la figlia del fattor!
La prendete.
Plu. Non la vo'.
Nan. E perchè?
Plu. Non l' amerò.
Nan Ma donzella—buona e bella,
Troverete in quantità.
Plu. Più ne chiedo—men ne vedo.
Anna a genio non mi va.
Nan. Più ne chiedo—men ne vedo
Anna a genio non gli va.
Non c' è un' altra?
Plu. Dove? che?
Nan Non lo so.
Plu Ah! udite quà.
Io conosco una fanciulla
Tutta grazia, tutta cor,
Ma che val! non sa far nulla,
Buona è sol per un signor.

She has robbed me of every joy on earth, and now
She is but the baneful star of my unhappiness!
Lady. Ah! read my heart—I am repentant;
Let us be united!
Let my love for thee plead my forgiveness!
Thou, oh Lionel, canst open Heaven to my view!
Ah! yield, and have pity on my anguish!
Lio. Hence, and hide thee from my fury!
Lady. In mercy, give me back thy love!
Lio. Eternal hatred reigns in my heart! [*Exit Leonel*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* Nancy *and* Plunkett.

Nan. Well, my lady?
Plu. He hath fled.
His heart is filled with hatred and fury. [*Aside*
She has been proud and haughty with Lionel,
But now he returns it to her a thousand fold.
Lady. Ah! no more—I will persevere in the attempt!
My friends, my hopes now are in you.
Yes, he whom this heart adores
Must again be brought to my feet! [*Exit Harriet*

SCENE V.—Plunkett *and* Nancy.

Nan. & Plu. I know well!—But what is to be done?
Plu. Do you know what to do? No?—Nor I neither
Nan. We must both of us try to effect
That which she desires,
Until our new master relents.

Plu. Yes, but afterwards?—
Nan. What? what then?
Plu. I shall find myself in a state of embarrassment
Nan. But why?
Plu. Because I shall then
Be alone in my house,
And sit and sigh in solitary melancholy,
In my poor dwelling.
Nan. You are right;
It will be melancholy enough:
You will have to sit and sigh
Alone in your solitary dwelling.
It is hard!
Plu. I'm to be pitied!
Nan. If you could—
Plu. [*Aside.*] What is she going to say?
Nan. You should get a little wife!—
Consult your heart, now.
Plu. True—I know a neighbor,
A farmer's daughter!
Nan. Oh! really! you have a neighbor,
A farmer's daughter!
Well, take her.
Plu. No, I won't!
Nan. And why not?
Plu. I don't love her.
Nan. But you will find plenty of other
Young and handsome lasses.
Plu. The more I search, the less I find—
Anne won't suit me.
Nan. The more he searches, the less he finds
Anne won't suit him!
Are there no others?
Plu. Who? where?
Nan. I don't know.
Plu. Ah! listen to me.
I know a young girl, a lovely lass,
With an excellent heart—but what good is that?
She does not know how to do anything!
She is only fit to be the wife of a rich man:

Non sa in man tener la rocca,
Sa sol ridere e scherzar,
Ma benchè sia tanto sciocca
M' ha saputo innamorar.

Nan. Il ritratto mi somiglia :
Mi voleste lusingar—
Ma nessuno vi consiglia,
Questa donna di sposar—
Pur, se apprendere potesse,
A cucire ed a filar—
Se in brev' ora lo facesse,
Vi potrebbe contentar.

Plu Sì ?
Nan Ma certo !
Plu. Dir mi vuoi ?
Nan Che ?—
Plu. No, pria Lionel salvar !
Liberar lo deggio e poi,
Pensar posso a quest' affar.
Nan Si potrìa !—
Plu. No, pria Lionel.
All' amico son fedel.

Plu. ♀ *Nan.* L' amicizia $\begin{matrix}mi\\vi\end{matrix}$ reclama,
Poi parlar potrò a chi m' ama
Implorar $\begin{matrix}m'\\v'\end{matrix}$ è dato allor,
Un accento dolce al cor ?
Nan. Qual sarà sì dolce al cor ?
Plu La parola dell' amor.

SCENA VI.—*Parco di Lady Enrichetta.—Si figura il mercato a Richmond come nell' Atto Primo.—Panche scranne, fattori, e poi tutti.*

LADY ENRICHETTA *e* NANCY *saranno, vestite da Contadine.*

Coro. Qua le panche su due file,
Per l' usciere là il sedile,
Qui le scranne pronte son,
Come stavano a Richmond
Qua le serve, là i fattori,
Le fantesche, gli avventori,
Le scriffo lì sarà,
I contratti approverà.
Enr. [*Al cor.*] Obbediste al cenno mio ?
Coro Ogni cosa è pronta quì.
Là le panche su due file, ec.
Nan. [*Guardando dentro.*] Egli vien triste, dolente,
Ha l' aspetto d' un morente,
Ma fra poco sul suo viso,
Il sorriso—tornerà. [*Suiva la compana.*
E mezzodì,—venite quì :
L' ora suonò,—parlar si può.
Coro di Serve. Io cucino, io il racamo,
[*Come nell' atto I.*
Riposare mai non bramo, ec.
Alt. Fo le torte, fo il vin mosto, ec.
Curo i polli, io il bucato, ec.
Plu. [*A Lionello.*] Vieni quì.
Lio. [*Come in delirio.*] Quai voci son ?
Plu. Son le serve di Richmond.
[*Vogendosi a Lady Enrichetta.*
Marta, dì che sai tu far !
Lio. [*Perplesso.*] Marta ! ciel ! parmi sognar.
[*Guarda Marta, la riconosce, rimane estatico, Marta, gli va vicino, gli prende la mano, e dice con passione.*
Enr I sogni d' or—della ricchezza
Posso obbliare,—posso sprezzar ;
Solo l' amor,—la tenerezza,
Vo rammentare —voglio serbar.

She can't knit or spin ;
She can do nothing but langh and joke !
But still, though so ignorant, she has known
How to make me fall in love with her !

Nan. The portrait resembles me :
You would flatter me.—
But no one advised you
To marry such a girl.
Yet, if she were quickly to learn
How to knit and spin.
You might, perhaps,
Be content to have her.
Plu. Indeed ?
Nan. Most certainly.
Plu. Do you mean to tell me
Nan. What ?—
Plu. No, Lionel must first be saved !
First let us arrange that affair,
And then we can settle about this.
Nan. If we can !—
Plu. Lionel first—
I am faithful to my friend.

Plu. & Nan. Friendship claims $\begin{matrix}me\\him\end{matrix}$;
We will afterwards speak of other claims.
Then we may be permitted
To think of that gentle voice
Which whispers to my heart.
Nan. What is the voice which whispers to your heart ?
Plu. It is the voice of love !

SCENE VI.—*Lady Harriet's Park.—Booths, benches, &c. arranged as in the First Act.—Farmers, Servants, &c.*

LADY HARRIET *and* NANCY *are with them, dressed as Servants.*

Cho. Arrange the benches in two rows ;
Bring the arm-chair for the beadle,
Here, the other seats, all placed
In the same position as they were at Richmond.
Here, the servants—there, the farmers,
The housekeepers, and the huxters.
The sheriff will sit here,
To ratify the contracts.
Lady. [*To Chorus.*] Have you obeyed all my orders ?
Cho. Every thing is ready.
There are two rows of benches, &c.
Nan. [*Looking off behind.*] He comes, sad and sorrowful.
He looks like one that is dying,
Scarcely raising his eyes from the earth !
He will smile soon ! [*The clock is heard to strike.*
'Tis midday,—the clock has struck ;
Now begin !
Cho. of Servants. I can cook, I can embroider, &c.
[*As in first act.*
Others. I can make tarts and wine, &c.
Others. I can take care of poultry, &c.
I am never idle, &c.
Plu. [*To Lionel.*] Come hither !
Lio. [*As if delirious.*] What mean those voices ?
Plu. They are Richmond servants.
[*Addressing himself to Lady Harriet.*
Martha, say, what can you do ?
Lio. [*Perplexed.*] Martha ! Heaven ! do I dream ?
[*He looks at her, recognizes her, and seems overwhelmed with joy.—She approaches him, takes his hand, and addresses him with much emotion.*
Lady. My dreams of wealth and gold
I can forget, I can despise,
I only retain the recollections
Of love and tenderness

Leo. Delirio è questo?—Sogno, o sono desto?
Plu. [*A Nancy.*] E tu dì, che sai, fanciulla?
Nan. La cucina ed il bucatto.
Plu. [*Videndo.*] Vuoi scherzar! non sai far nulla.
Nan. Se il padron fa l' ostinato
Te l' aggiusto come va.
Plu. Mi convieni,—meco vieni.
Nan. Prendi in pegno questo quà!
[*Gli dà uno schiaffo.*
Tut. [*Ridendo.*] La caparra è meritata,
E fu data—con amor.
Plu. Sulla guancia serbo il segno
Come pegno—dell' amor.
Lady. [*Ricontando la sua canzone, Lionello sembra ridestarsi da un sogno.*
Già l' april—fa ritorno,
Cinto il crin—d' erbe e fior.
Più gentil—ride il giorno,
Manda il sol—più splendor! ec.
Tut. [*Con gioia.*] Giunta è l' ora del piacer.
Non si pensi che a goder.

Leo. Is this delirium?—am I awake, or dreaming?
Plu. [*To Nancy.*] And you, what can you do, my lass?
Nan. I can cook, I can bake.
Plu. [*Laughing.*] You're jesting! you can do nothing
Nan. If my master is obstinate,
I can bring him to reason.
Plu. You will suit me—come along.
Nan. There, take that as an earnest!
[*She boxes his ears*
All. [*Laughing.*] The retort was well merited—
And was given heartily.
Plu. My cheek receives it
As a token of affection!
Lady. [*Resuming her former song.—Lionel seems as if recovering and awaking from a dream.*]
April returns, crowned
With verdure and with flowers!
More bright appears the day,
More brilliantly shines the sun! &c.
All. [*With joy.*] The happy hour is at last arrived!
Let us think only of pleasure!

Standard Opera Librettos

All librettos have Englisn text. Additional texts are indicated by Italic letters, as follows: *I*, Italian; *G*, German; *F*, French. Those marked with (*) contain no music and are 15 cents a copy. All the others have the music of the principal airs and are 25 cents each.

A—G

Title	Text	Composer
Africaine, L'	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Aïda	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
***Amico Fritz, L'** (Friend Fritz)	*I.*	*Pietro Mascagni*
Armide	*F.*	*C. W. von Gluck*
Ballo in Maschera, Un (The Masked Ball)	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Barbe-Bleue (Blue Beard)	*F.*	*Jacques Offenbach*
Barbiere di Siviglia, Il (Barber of Seville)	*I.*	*Gioacchino A. Rossini*
Belle Hélène, La	*F.*	*Jacques Offenbach*
Bells of Corneville (Chimes of Normandy)		*Robert Planquette*
***Billee Taylor**		*Edward Solomon*
***Boccaccio**		*Franz von Suppé*
Bohemian Girl, The		*Michael Wm. Balfe*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
Carmen	*F.*	*Georges Bizet*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
Cavalleria Rusticana	*I.*	*Pietro Mascagni*
Chimes of Normandy (Bells of Corneville)		*Robert Planquette*
Cinderella	*I.*	*Gioacchino A. Rossini*
Contes d'Hoffmann, Les (Tales of Hoffmann)	*F.*	*Jacques Offenbach*
Crispino e la Comare (The Cobbler and the Fairy)	*I.*	*Luigi and F. Ricci*
Crown Diamonds, The	*F.*	*D. F. E. Auber*
Dame Blanche, La		*F. A. Boieldieu*
Damnation of Faust, The	*F.*	*Hector Berlioz*
Dinorah	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
***Doctor of Alcantara, The**		*Julius Eichberg*
Don Giovanni	*I.*	*W. A. Mozart*
Don Pasquale	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
***Dorothy**		*Alfred Cellier*
Elisire d'amore, L'	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
***Erminie**	*I.*	*Edward Jakobowski*
Ernani	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Etoile du Nord, L' (The Star of the North)	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Fatinitza		*Franz von Suppé*
Faust	*F.*	*Charles Gounod*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
Favorita, La	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
Fidelio	*G.*	*L. van Beethoven*
Figlia del Reggimento, La (Daughter of the Regiment)	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
Fille de Madame Angot, La	*F.*	*Charles Lecocq*
Flauto Magico, Il (The Magic Flute)	*I.*	*W. A. Mozart*
Fledermaus, Die (The Bat)	*G.*	*Johann Strauss*
Fleur de Thé	*F.*	*F. Hervé* (*Ronger*)
Flying Dutchman, The		*Richard Wagner*
do.	*G.*	*do.*
Fra Diavolo	*I.*	*D. F. E. Auber*
Freischütz, Der	*G.*	*Carl Maria von Weber*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
***Gillette** (*La Belle Coquette*)		*Edmond Audran*
Gioconda, La	*I.*	*Amilcare Ponchielli*
Giroflé-Girofla	*F.*	*Charles Lecocq*
Götterdämmerung, Die	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*

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Standard Opera Librettos

All librettos have English text. Additional texts are indicated by Italic letters, as follows: *I*, Italian; *G*, German; *F*, French. Those marked with (*) contain no music and are 15 cents a copy. All the others have the music of the principal airs and are 25 cents each.

G—Z

Title	Text	Composer
Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, The	*F.*	*Jacques Offenbach*
*Hamlet		*Ambroise Thomas*
Jewess, The	*I.*	*Jacques F. Halévy*
Königin von Saba (Queen of Sheba)	*G.*	*Karl Goldmark*
Lakmé	*I.*	*Léo Delibes*
Lily of Killarney, The		*Sir Julęs Benedict*
Linda di Chamounix	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
*Little Duke, The		*Charles Lecocq*
Lohengrin	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
*Lovely Galatea, The		*Franz von Suppé*
Lucia di Lammermoor	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
Lucrezia Borgia	*I.*	*do.*
*Madame Favart		*Jacques Offenbach*
Manon	*F.*	*Jules Massenet*
Maritana		*Wm. Vincent Wallace*
Marriage of Figaro	*I.*	*W. A. Mozart*
Martha	*I.*	*Friedrich von Flotow*
*Mascot, The		*Edmond Audran*
Meistersinger, Die (The Mastersingers)	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Mefistofele	*I.*	*Arrigo Boito*
Merry Wives of Windsor, The		*Otto Nicolai*
Mignon	*I.*	*Ambroise Thomas*
Mikado, The		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
*Musketeers, The		*Louis Varney*
*Nanon		*Richard Genée*
Norma	*I.*	*Vincenzo Bellini*
*Olivette		*Edmond Audran*
Orpheus		*C. W. von Gluck*
Otello	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Pagliacci, I	*I.*	*R. Leoncavallo*
Parsifal	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Pinafore (H.M.S.)		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
Prophète, Le	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Puritani, I	*I.*	*Vincenzo Bellini*
Rheingold, Das (The Rhinegold)	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Rigoletto	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Robert le Diable	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Roméo et Julietta	*F.*	*Charles Gounod*
Romeo e Giulietta	*I.*	*do.*
Samson et Dalila	*F.*	*Camille Saint-Saëns*
Semiramide	*I.*	*Gioacchino A. Rossini*
Siegfried	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
*Sleeping Queen, The		*Michael Wm. Balfe*
Sonnambula, La	*I*	*Vincenzo Bellini*
*Sorcerer, The		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
*Spectre Knight, The		*Alfred Cellier*
*Stradella		*Friedrich von Flotow*
Tannhäuser	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Traviata, La	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Tristan und Isolde	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Trovatore, Il	*I*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Ugonotti, Gli (The Huguenots)	*I*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Verkaufte Braut, Die (The Bartered Bride)	*G.*	*Friedrich Smetana*
Walküre, Die	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
William Tell	*I.*	*Gioacchino A. Rossini*
Zauberflöte, Die (The Magic Flute)	*G.*	*W. A. Mozart*

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